

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1871. VOL. XI.—NO. 9.

THE SMITTEN CITY.
BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.
I heard a parson of the school of Balaam
Lift up the lesson of the flaming towns
And, like a pebble in the mill of heaven,
Show how his sin invoked the Sovereign frown.

character, which, if not explained by scientific investigation to be the veriest humbuggery, must go far to establish the reality of the unorthodox belief in the intimate relations existing between the spirits of the departed and the dwellers upon earth. Theodore Tilton, in his romantic biography of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, says that she holds daily communion with the spirit of Demosthenes, who appears to her as a matured man of stately figure, clad in a Greek tunic, solemn and graceful in his aspect, strong in his influence, and altogether dominant over her life. Mrs. Daniels, a well-known Spiritualist of Boston, claims that her spirit friends, clothed in their right mind, appear to her as visibly as when in the flesh, and converse with her. Other vowed Spiritualists claim an intimate and visible relation with the inhabitants of the unseen world. But none of these people possess the power to introduce their ghostly visitors to others than themselves. The heavenly visitors are monopolized by the devout seers, who are thus subjected to uncharitable taunts of imposition by the skeptical.

after Mr. Keeler's return home and explanation of affairs to his wife, she was daily installed as a servile member of the household. She early manifested an interest in the table tipping and spirit rapping that were so common in that dwelling, and with the familiarity that exists between employer and employed in the country, was permitted to join the circles that were nightly formed to invite spiritual visitations. It then became apparent that the timid spirits came more boldly when the girl Mary was present than at other times, and so it happened in course of time that no circle could be formed without her presence, and she was finally recognized as a medium.

While this new house was in process of construction the wonderful medium developed a new power. Hitherto, it will have been observed, all the utterances of the spirits were made through her voice; that is, she would have, or pretend to have, secret or silent conference with the unseen messengers from the other world, and then translate and pronounce the result with her own voice. But a little over two years ago she received a communication directing her to sit in a dark room with those who might desire to participate in any interviews with the spirits, when, obeying the injunction, greater wonders than ever before were manifested. Bright lights, apparently minute balls of electricity, would appear throughout the room and go dancing about in the darkness. Flimsy forms, shapeless and vague, like the feeblest cloud that drifts across the heavens, would appear moving around in the black darkness that prevailed. Drafts of cold air would strike the sitters, though it was apparent that no door or other aperture was open to admit the air. Chairs would be rudely jostled under their occupants, and

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROOM.
The room is about fifteen feet square, exclusive of the alcove or bay window formed by the tower, and has a single window on the north side, opposite the door leading into the hall. This is the only door in the room, with the exception of the little half-door, about thirty inches high, enclosing the small closet under the observatory stairs, and which is the only closet in the room. The tower projection is about 4 feet deep from the front of the main building, and perhaps 8 feet wide. It has three windows, as shown in the diagram, the centre or front window being double, and extending nearly across the front of the tower, and the side windows, with their casings, fill within a few inches the entire sides. The floor and ceiling of the main room are continued without break into this extension. The height of the ceiling from the floor is ten feet. The ceiling and walls are handsomely and elaborately decorated. The work which is all painted white except that of the board partition forming the spirits' cabinet, which is covered on the outside with cheap wall paper.

How like the sun he rose above the mares,
And built the world beneath his airy feet,
And changed the course of numerous rivers,
And tapped the lakes for water cool and sweet.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE DEAD.
In Moravia the spirits are brought face to face with all seekers, whether believers or skeptics, and the long time unused voice again give utterance to the ears of all who desire to hear whatever the spirit hath to say. Black spirits and white, good spirits and bad, the ghosts of the untutored savage, as well as the immortal part of the greatest statesmen of all times, here come unbidden, habilitated afresh seemingly with flesh and blood, to converse with mortals. Nor time nor seasons, daylight or darkness disturbs the coming or interferences with the utterances of these strange visitors from an unknown world.

INFLUENCE OF THE MEDIUM ON THE SPIRITS.
Under her mediumship the spiritual manifestations became more startling, and beautiful advances were made in the development of all the more generally known spiritual phenomena. Spirits wrote on paper for her; they spoke through her strange messages to those who came from abroad; they prophesied through her; discovered lost property; detected criminals; directed the conduct of those in whom they were interested, and wrought all the miracle that modern Spiritualism claims as possible. Her fame rapidly spread throughout all that region, and visitors came in throngs to see her, bringing their sick to be cured by her, and their mysteries for her superhuman examination. Then it was that Mr. Keeler's friends became alarmed at the largeness of his hospitality and the excessive demands that were made upon it. But the wonder did not cease here. The spirits, speaking through the wonderful medium, made more absolute demands upon the host's former's purse. First he was directed to purchase a gold watch and chain for the medium, which direction he promptly obeyed. Then the spirits said he must buy a piano; but, as there was no one to play it, the mortal man hesitated and thought of his dollars. But the message was repeated with emphasis, and the piano was purchased. Again the oracle pronounced the spirit's order that the medium must be instructed to play upon the new-bought and costly instrument; whereupon a music teacher was hired, and the "British girl" was put through the paces of one, two, three; go a little faster; one, two, three; one, two, three; mind that half note; one, two, three, and so on, *ad infinitum*, until wearying of the monotony of the work, and on the principle that misery loves company, she sought a voice from the spirits. Mrs. Keeler also took lessons. Mrs. Keeler promptly mounted the piano stool, but was soon forced to admit that even the spirits could not put suppleness into her stiff joints, and that her fingers were more at home in the broad keys or the butter tray than on the keys of a piano.

COLD, CLAMMY HANDS.
would be placed upon the faces of the startled participants in the seance. Even the footfalls of the supposed ghostly strangers could be heard about the apartment, and evidences of physical power would be displayed in the disarrangement and removal of furniture. But, strange of all, out from the impenetrable night that filled the room would come sleep, hollow, and sepulchral voices, audible to all, professing to speak the minds of the inhabitants of eternity. No longer with the borrowed voice of the medium did the mysterious strangers make utterance, but their own proper vocal organs served them as when they dwelt upon earth.

THE CABINET.
is formed, as indicated above, by a rough board partition stretching across the interior opening of the tower, as indicated by the letter G in the diagram. This partition—whether purposely for the greater consideration of skeptics or accidentally is immaterial—is placed a few inches beyond the angles formed by the junction of the tower with the main building, so that, as will at once be seen, access to the enclosed apartment can only be had through the main room or by the windows, unless, indeed, trap doors through the floor or ceiling should furnish a means of entrance. The floor of the main room is covered with rag carpeting, so common in the country, and the same covering extends over the floor of the cabinet. In fact, the partition rests upon the centre of the main room, and a careful examination shows that this carpet is securely tacked to the floor on the remaining three sides of the cabinet; and as no break or cut in it can be discovered, it must be admitted that no trap can exist there. Moreover, the same formation of rooms exists on the floor below, and the ceiling of the room underneath the cabinet presents an unbroken surface; so that ingress to the cabinet from that direction cannot be possible. (The board partition enclosing the space allotted to the spirits is but 7 or 8 feet high, leaving a clear space of two feet or more between the top of the cabinet and the ceiling of the room, which is open to the room. The cabinet is furnished with a cover of plain boards similar to those that form the partition in front. Paper is pasted over the joints of this rough woodwork to exclude the light.)

THE WONDERFUL PERFORMANCES AT MORAVIA, NEW YORK.
In regard to the singular phenomena described in the letters of two correspondents, in another part of this sheet, we offer no opinion. They purport to be visible manifestations of the forms and faces of departed spirits at the residence of Mr. Morris Keeler, at Moravia, N. Y. Similar phenomena, occurring at the same place, have been described to us by various credible witnesses—persons whom we know, respect and believe. It would be easy to mock at these strange things and laugh them away. But such is not in consonance with our journalistic habit of giving a fair hearing to all new ideas, however much at variance these may be with established custom or belief. Many of the most prominent Spiritualists in the country have made a personal investigation into these Moravian marvels. The testimony of intelligent and upright people as to what they have seen with their own eyes, cannot be brushed away by the incredulous with a frown or sneer. All the witnesses with whom we have conversed—not less than six—testify that, so far as they were able to judge, there was no fraud, nor any possibility of fraud; that, on the contrary, the manifestations were what they purported to be, namely, the revelations of departed souls to mortal eyes—assuming, for the purposes of identification, the recognizable faces and figures which they possessed before death. We leave the intelligent and impartial reader to decide for himself.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE SPIRITS.
Mr. Morris Keeler, the proprietor of the house in which the phenomena occurs, is a forehand farmer of Cayuga county, owning and occupying one of the best farms in that county, situated in the immediate suburbs of the village of Moravia. His father lived there before him, and he has several brothers and other relatives in the immediate vicinity. Besides cultivating his home farm, on the hills overlooking the village and the beautiful Owasco Valley, Mr. Keeler has another farm in the middle of the plain below. He is also a stockholder in the national bank of Moravia, a stockholder in the southern central railroad, and a quarter owner of the most extensive and valuable business block in the village, with other smaller properties scattered about. He is a plain, coarse, ignorant, asthmatic man, of about thirty years of age, and probably 200 pounds weight. He is as glib as a parrot in his ignorance, and is as glib as a parrot in his ignorance. He became interested in Spiritualism twenty years ago, since which time his house has been the headquarters of all the believers of that school for miles around. On Sundays especially they crowded upon his hospitality, coming on foot and in wagons, residing on Mr. Keeler for food for their families, as well as food for themselves, until at last his friends became alarmed lest he should be eaten out of house and home and become a burden upon them.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE MEDIUM.
In the meantime the medium married. But that so good a thing should be kept in the family the marriage was brought about with a young man named Andrews, a member of the Keeler household. Within a few weeks after the marriage a child or child-grand-child was born.

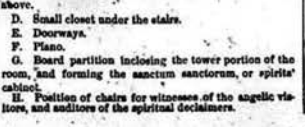
THE SPIRITS WANT A ROOM FOR THEIR OWN ACCOMMODATION.
The strange voices and meaningless eccentricities of the darkened chamber had continued but a short time—barely long enough to render confidant to the constant human participants—and the new house had but recently been finished, when the aboriginal prophecies of Mr. Keeler informed him that wonderful things were about to be developed, and that all the world would be quickly converted to Spiritualism; that in this great work he and his household were to play an important part. Mr. Keeler listened and wondered. Mrs. Keeler listened and believed. The woman Mary Andrews, the medium, listened and kept still. Then came the voice of the male savage ghost again, and gave sundry directions for the preparation of a room in the house in which spiritual visitations should in future be received. The room designated was the main front apartment on the second floor, opening into the tower, of which the annexed is a diagram:

THE FURNITURE.
The only visible or discoverable entrance to the cabinet, other than through the closed and boarded windows, is by a rule doorway left in the partition at the end nearest the piano. The entrance is secured, when the show begins, by an equally rough shutter or door, made of two boards held together by clamps which is fitted into the aperture and secured with wooden buttons. Midway between this doorway and the further end of the partition, is a small aperture or window, about 18 inches square, placed about breast high from the floor, at which the spirits present themselves and display their wonders. This aperture is covered with a curtain of black flannel cloth, hanging on the inside and secured only at the top. The furniture of the dark closet consists simply of a chair in which the medium sits, and a tin speaking trumpet which the ghosts whose lungs are feeble sometimes have occasion to use in order to make themselves heard. In the main room the furniture is nearly as meagre as in the sanctum. There are a dozen plain chairs for the occupancy of mortals, some with their backs broken through the antics of rough spirits, an old fashioned settee for accommodation of visitors when the company exceeds the number of chairs, a stove, and the well used and discordant piano which was purchased under spiritual direction.

MORAVIA, A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE VILLAGE OF CAYUGA COUNTY, CONTAINING PERHAPS 9,000 INHABITANTS, situated on the line of the Ontario central railroad, at the head of Owasco Lake, and eighteen miles south of Auburn, is just now the Mecca of American Spiritualists. To this out-of-the-way place are being produced physical manifestations of so-called Spiritual phenomena of the most wonderful and startling

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, or thereabouts, a young Irish girl made application to the Keeler family for employment as a maid of all work. She was young—scarcely fifteen years old—of comely appearance, though miserably clad, and protesting utter destitution. Mrs. Keeler did not want a servant, and told the poor girl so, which brought a flood of tears from the little homeless one's eyes, and a fresh appeal to take her in for charity's sake. Mrs. Keeler finally gave the girl something to eat, and also some old clothes that were more decent and comfortable than the ones she wore, and then sent her away, assuring her that she did not want any help. The girl went down into the village and secured employment at the tavern. Mr. Keeler met her in the street sometime afterward, and, on learning where she was employed, advised her that a tavern was a bad and dangerous place for a young girl. The girl replied that it was the only place she could find, and that she must either stay there or starve. Mr. Keeler then took pity on her and bade her go up to his house and stay there. She went gladly, and

FORESHADOW OF THE SPIRITS.
As if foreseeing this wonderful rush of guests, three or four years ago the spirits directed Mr. Keeler to tear down his old farm house and build a larger and more modern dwelling. To save expense in the matter, the spirits themselves furnished the plans and specifications for the building, directing his most minute features. The house was built according to these plans, and is the one now tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Keeler and the little mysterious child-grandchild. Andrews and his wife in the mean time have built themselves a very fine house down in the village with money furnished by Keeler by spiritual direction. But the Keeler house is the one that most interests the reader. It is a large, square, two-story house, with a flat roof and wide cornice. On the west front, near the north corner, and facing the highway, is a square tower, rising a full story above the roof, and furnishing a splendid observatory. In the two stories below this tower forms bay windows for the main rooms, into which it opens. On these floors it is finished with three large windows, one filling its front and the others the two sides. A long wing extends back from the main building, furnishing a dining room, kitchen, washroom, wood room, and closets on the lower floor, and dormitories above. The house is painted a light drab on the outside, is furnished with Venetian shutters to all the



TO BE CONTINUED.
A clergyman was exhorting those with anxious and troubled consciences to be aware and call on their pastor for guidance and aid. He said: "To show you, my brethren, the blessed results of these visits with our pastor, I will state to you that only yesterday a gentleman of wealth called upon me for counsel and instruction; and now, today, my friends—today—he sits a jay as a happy husband and a father and a Christian. A young lady in the audience whispered: 'Wasn't that pretty quick work?'"

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Disaster that Befell Chicago—Mayor Mason's Proclamation—God Charged as the Author of our Calamities, etc.

NUMBER LXI.

During the past year we have searched in all conditions of life in our effort to unveil the Divine Architect of the universe. Some, animated with too much zeal for orthodox ideas, condemned us for our atheistical notions, our utter abhorrence of the Christian God, and our determination to banish, to some extent, the present conceived opinions of a Deity! We have not, amidst the chaos of ideas presented to us by the world, faltered in our determination to present to humanity, if one exists, a personage or principle that controls all things. In order to render our search successful, we have traversed all conditions of life, penetrated the dark, damnable, seething, heart-rending pools of licentiousness, visited the ruins of ancient cities, investigated the traditions of by-gone ages, and examined obscure landmarks, endeavoring to find some impress that betokened the presence of Deity.

In this city Mayor Mason issued a proclamation recommending that all the inhabitants observe the 28th ult., as a day of humiliation and prayer. Among other very proper reasons for this course, His Honor suggests that we should humble ourselves "for those past offenses against Almighty God to which these severe afflictions were doubtless intended to lead our mind."

Mayor Mason intimates in his proclamation, that we have committed grave offenses against Almighty God, but fails to state their nature or the circumstances under which they were enacted. It appears to have a complete conception of Deity, understands his nature, appreciates fully his desires, and consequently desires humiliation and prayer. Well may humanity inquire into the nature of this God, who, in 1835, applied the torch to the city of New York and caused six hundred and forty-eight houses to be burned; who, in 1860, caused London to burn with lurid flames, spreading devastation and ruin over four hundred and thirty-six acres; who, in 1851, sent torches from the infernal regions and almost entirely consumed San Francisco, causing a destruction of property amounting to \$4,000,000; who, in 1852, leveled to ashes the fair city of Sacramento; and who, still actuated with a fiendish, devilish, hateful, arrogant spirit, in this modern age of civilization applied the spark to the little town of Brussels, Pa., and before its destructive march, many houses were burned, and human life destroyed. Ah! this God whom Mayor Mason admires, shall we worship him, bend the knee to him, pay him homage, thank him for the ruin and devastation that he has caused, the homes he has rendered desolate, the hearts he has broken, the cry of anguish he has caused? Go with us to Pentigo—God in his wrath destroyed it in one night, and twelve hundred people, it is said, were burned. Fearful calamity, heart-rending scene! "God is no respecter of persons." Before the march of his Fire Fiend, cities were laid in ruins. Listen! We hear a prayer! Yes, the Sherman House of Chicago stands before us surrounded with dense smoke and fire. See the angry flames enveloping it, caressing it with ten thousand fiendish serpents that seem to have come from pandemonium. In one room is the west part of the building is an old man, bowing in prayer. All means of escape are cut off. His hair is white with age, and with his head resting on his hand, he prays! But his prayers find no response—not even can he catch an echo therefrom from the world without! "Pray, pray—but the flames approach him nearer, and the smoke mocks and derides him, as it sends its poisonous influence to his lungs, and he soon swoons and dies.

Pure, noble veteran in the cause of humanity, your prayers found no response in the corridors of heaven! The next morning his charred remains might have been seen among the ruins of that noted hotel. On all sides, prayers might have been heard. They came from the aged, from the young who were being trained in Sabbath schools, from all those who revered the Orthodox God. And while the fire was raging, and the very gates of hell seemed ajar, an old German lady, poor, yet intelligent and respectable, was very sick. The fire approached from all sides, and her relatives to save her from the flames, threw her into the river! What a scene, what tumult, what a wild commotion, and all attributable to God! While the ashes of Chicago were still hot, like a merciless vampire, like a fiend from hell, it was said that God was directing the flames in Wisconsin. Williamson's Mills were burned and fifty lives lost. The destruction of property on the east shore of Green Bay, was fearful to contemplate. This avenging God with his thirst for blood not yet satiated, with anger in his bosom more fierce than that of a thousand demons, goes to Michigan, and renders several thousand families homeless.

While these calamities were afflicting the people, he sent incendiaries to burn London, Canada, Syracuse, N. Y., and other towns too numerous to mention. All this was premeditated murder, premeditated destruction of countless millions of property, a systematic humbling of earth's children, on the part of God whom Mayor Mason, of Chicago, desires us to humble ourselves before. On that day, with Chicago still smoldering in ashes, we did not humble ourselves; we did not worship; we shed no tears of benedictions to God! We didn't even "go to church." We glanced at his proclamation—read it, re-read it, and pondered its meaning well. While musing over its contents the widow's moans and orphan's cry came forth from thousands of desolate homes, and seemed to die away in whispers on the surging breeze. We listened—our inner vision was opened; and we saw spiritual things; and our spiritual ears caught sounds from the Spirit World. The fire, the Chicago fire! the towns of Wisconsin are burning; the forests of Michigan are in flames! Our spirit seemed carried back to witness the conflagration! The lurid flames rise high, burning embers ride on the wings of the wind, and are carried to the roofs of adjoining buildings. In the Spirit World, there appeared to be a strange commotion. The denizens there seemed to be cognizant of this terrible conflagration, and to those near the earth sphere, it caused the most intense excitement and alarm.

We will not allude to that in particular terms now, but leave it for future numbers of the JOURNAL.

But what of Chicago? Saith the Holy Writ: "The merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. How much she has glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much sorrow and torment give I her; for she said in her heart, I sit a queen and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow."

And she shall be utterly burned with fire. "And the kings of the earth shall bewail her, and lament for her when they shall see the smoke of her burning. Standing afar off for fear of her torment and saying, Alas, alas, that great city, that mighty city! for in one hour she is brought to naught. And the merchants of the earth shall weep, and mourn over her, for no man buyeth their merchandise any more. The merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble."

And saying, Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in purple and fine linen, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls! For in one hour so great riches are come to naught. And every ship master, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stand afar off.

And cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city! And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas, alas, that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness, for in one hour she is made desolate.

According to the proclamation of Mayor Mason, the above is paralleled in Chicago, and under the impulse thereof he sends forth to this city his recommendations for one day of humiliation and prayer. What does this signify? Did God cause this fire, which exceeded that of Moscow, Constantinople, or of London?—did he apply the torch thereto, direct the course of the wind, govern the pathway of the Fire Fiend? The New York Independent says in the following language:

"Chicago—incomparable in her magic industry, enterprise and growth; unapproachable in her calamity! Pen can not express the horror of that fearful Sunday night, that more fearful Sunday; and even as we write on Tuesday the destruction is unceasing. Sunday morning Chicago was the fairest as she was the most audacious city on the continent. Her vastness, her grandeur, her beauty, her exhalation, as if from the magic host of some mighty Muliber, and sold, it seemed, and secure, except from the visitation of God, it has sunk down into the earth—wood, brick, stone and iron—under his visitation in the most terrible fiery ruin that history recounts!

Yes, Chicago, the Queen of the Lakes, the receptacle for the golden grain of millions of farms, the grand center of a vast trade, and the happy homes of thousands whose enterprise scintillates all over the world, whose influence is felt in England, in Paris, in Italy,—everywhere, on all the lakes and seas,—has been crippled,—but from these ashes, this debris, shall arise a New Chicago, grander in design, more brilliant in commercial pursuits, more audacious in building railroads, grain elevators, tunnels, parks, etc.,—until she shall stand forth, not only the Queen of the Lakes, but the Queen of the World! Clear the track—the shrill whistle is sounding, the Car of Enterprise is coming! Stately buildings are rising grandly from the ruins, and the time will be so short between Chicago in ruins, and Chicago rebuilt, that no one in the future will ever allude to it. But we do not believe with the Independent, that the Orthodox God destroyed it. If he did, we advise him to rebuild it at once, to repair the streets, the sidewalks, and especially rebuild his churches. Poor Almighty God, sending your

Fire Fiend to afflict Chicago—ah! you can destroy, desolate, render thousands homeless, but cannot feed the hungry, cannot shelter the houseless.

TO BE CONTINUED.

What of the Compensation?

As true philosophers we believe that goodness is positive; evil, so-called, is negative.

To illustrate,—the sun is positive, and his rays are always descending to earth, and yet they are often absorbed by intervening clouds; and to us the sun is so obscured that we are prone to say he does not shine.

To those to whose interest or taste sunshine is necessary, cloudy or rainy weather is a seeming evil.

Another greater so-called evil arises from a long continued drought—a drought of such severity that vegetation is dried up, and famine is a result.

A still greater so-called evil is a desolating war, like the great American Rebellion, in which cities and immense tracts of improved and highly cultivated lands are laid waste,—growing crops and rich products of husbandry and the mechanic arts are destroyed—hundreds of thousands, a two millions of human souls are launched into eternity by hand to hand conflicts, or by engines of war and destruction; wives are made widows and children fatherless; and, worse than all, young men are maimed or otherwise reduced by exposure and disease, to a state of *living death*, only to be ended after years of excruciating physical and mental suffering.

Is there a compensation for all of this? Is this a lesser good, and is there a positive good, that will compensate?

Again, let us turn our attention to the waste places of earth, and behold the savage roaming over the wild waste—the lords of the extended forests and plains; holding the soil from the invasions of the civilized and enlightened husbandman who would cause it to yield rich abundance for millions when hundreds only can eke out a scanty subsistence.

A terribly inclement winter, deep snows and intensely cold weather, deprive these savage lords of the few necessities which he is wont to procure from day to day for his subsistence. He and his dependants fall victims to famine and frost—a whole tribe is cut off in a few weeks' time. Where is the compensation?

Again, look and behold another tribe, for some supposed offense prepare for war upon a neighboring tribe. The war dance is held, and under cover of night they sally forth, and in an unexpected and unprepared moment, another tribe is slaughtered, captured and carried into slavery, or tortured to death in retaliation for the supposed injury received, and to gratify the hate of the victors, and amuse their women and children.

Is this not an evil; great and positive evil? And where is the compensation?

Again, we go forth, and in a rich and naturally fruitful and productive country behold a ravaging pestilence sweeping off in a single year, millions of human beings. Scarcely enough survive the devastations of the fell destroyer to bury the dead! A terrible scourge—aye, an evil that makes the stoutest hearts quail.

The preachers of all evangelical denominations, be they Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Brahmins, or the devotees of the savage Great Spirit, affirm that it is the scourge of the Lord for the sins of the people, and strange as it may seem to the thinkers, the very few thinkers that the world affords even at the present day, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the human family believe it.

Such has been the preaching from almost every pulpit in America upon the subject of the great fire in Chicago!

There is no subject that needs light, that needs discussion, that needs ventilation at the hand of reason and common sense, more than that of so-called evil.

In this number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL we have only room to say that the subject and its cognate branches will be discussed at length in this paper. Believing that the great calamity in Chicago, the northwest; the recent war in Europe, the famine in the East, the wholesale destruction of human life everywhere, is not only preparing the minds of the people for a more rational interpretation of so-called evils, but to devise scientific and philosophic means for their avoidance.

In connection with this subject we shall discuss the art of building,—the science of rain storms and droughts.

We shall show that all subjects that interest and are for the welfare of individuals, are in like manner of interest, and for the welfare of nations.

That public works, which are designed for the general good, should be at government expense, even as rivers and harbors are improved, and light houses are built for commercial purposes, as postal and revenue systems are instituted for business, social, and for governmental support.

We shall endeavor to show that the destruction of the most humble cot up to the house of commerce and palatial residence, is a public calamity, and should be borne by government to the utmost farthing, even as the indebtedness of government is scrupulously paid; and to meet the expense of the destruction of property by the elements, or from unavoidable causes, sufficient revenue should be raised by a just taxation of all property, real, personal and mixed.

Scientific research would thereby be fostered by public appropriations, and millions upon millions of dollars saved from destruction, and all interests but those of preachers, doctors and lawyers, would be subserved, as a result.

Science can produce showers of rain at will. Showers of rain would not only subserve the agricultural interest, keep up the fountains that supply the rivers that float the commerce from the interior to the ocean, but they would quench the fire that have made such fearful ravages in the forests of the great northwest the present season, as well as the conflagration that destroyed the business center of Chicago.

But enough for this time. These subjects, and many more, will enliven the columns of the JOURNAL from week to week in the coming future.

The Bhagvat Geeta, and other Books.

The above-named valuable work will be republished by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, in a very short time—a splendid edition!

All of our works will be republished as soon as we can possibly get out the stereotype plates.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT is for sale at this office, 150 4th Avenue.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to aid a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them marked "W. W. O., which means free, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund."

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, and "very dollar counts." But as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourselves greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our subsistence is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund:

Joseph Ryder, Plymouth, Mass.	\$5.00
E. J. Johnson, Warren, R. I.	3.00
Cyrus Peabody	3.00
Jeremiah Farmer	2.00
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J. Beale, Greenfield, Mass.	1.00
S. Candee, Volney, Iowa	2.00
Chas. Hanton, St. Louis	2.00
A. A. Peckford	1.00
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L. R. Ruyton, Winton, Cal.	1.00
D. G. Hester, Alliance, Ohio	1.00
M. F. Shaler Buffalo, N. Y.	7.00

The New Physic Force.

Henry Ward Beecher is a profound man, a deep thinker, and a sensational preacher. In his paper, *The Church Union*, we read an article in reference to Spiritualism, in which the writer claimed that there is a new force in nature called *physic* (fancy) which produced the wonderful manifestations of table-lifting, rapping, etc., which are usually ascribed to spirits. We have heard the spiritual phenomena attributed to almost everything—magnetism, electricity, od-force, etc., but never before noticed this new force to which the *Church Union* alludes, as connected therewith.

We have seen its peculiar power manifested in Hembold's Mandrake Pills, also beautifully illustrated by Ayer's Cathartic mixture, and we presume the author of that article on *physic* force had taken a dose as a preparatory measure to illuminate his mind on the philosophy of Spiritualism. This new theory of the *Church Union* may succeed in moving the bowels, but could not stir in the least a rickety old table.

The new force, to which *The Church Union* alludes, and which is put up in small boxes, has attracted a great deal of attention lately among scientific men. Prof. Crookes, of England, seems to be the principal luminary in this investigation, and aided by Henry Ward Beecher, so ably edited by Henry Ward Beecher, the "prospects are very favorable for having this new article put up in a concentrated form, and for sale in all our drug stores. With Horace Greeley's knowledge of agriculture, who, when asked the best way to raise strawberries, said he always preferred to raise them to his mouth, and Mr. Beecher's "physic" force, put up in small boxes, to produce spiritual manifestations, the time is not far distant when our country will be considered far ahead of Europe in science, and even so far ahead of itself that the millennium will be ushered in at once, with headquarters for religion at the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, while agriculture will have for its standard bearer Mr. Greeley.

Mislead.

A Quaker friend sent to this office while we were absent in New York, a letter containing seven dollars, with discretionary powers for its disposal, which letter has been mislead. He will confer a favor by writing again, directing what to do with the money.

\$25.00—A Laconic Letter.

BRO. JONES—Enclosed please find \$25.00 to apply on account of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. E. B. WARD.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 25, 1871.

Take Notice!

"Does the Spirit Leave the Body During Natural Sleep or Trance?"

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is the author of the article under the above head, on the 6th page. It is well worthy of a careful perusal.

A SMILE may be brighter than the heart's eye, and, just as the rainbow is beautiful in the air above while beneath is the smiling of the sea.

Greeting.

EDITOR RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL:

A long time has intervened since I last addressed you and your readers. And what startling changes have occurred during the interval! Hearts have throbbled quicker under stimulated emotions of love and hope; of sad, sad disappointments. Misfortune and death have overtaken many noble, yearning and faithful children of God. Earthquakes, tidal waves, tornados, whirlpools, whirlwinds, lightning, fires and disease have devastated city, town, country and people. The great commercial centre of the North-West has been swept from the "face of the earth," so far as its business centre is concerned—Villages, towns and neighborhoods of various North-Western States, have suffered likewise. The "Destroying Angel" has accomplished a mighty and heart-rending work during the last twenty-two months.

What heart moans; what tears of anguish and groans of agony have ascended to the angel spheres, and sympathetically vibrated angel consciousness amid all this devastation and heart-rending sorrow of human souls! And what a quickening of the "better nature," the higher and nobler emotions of our soul has resulted therefrom; thus exemplifying the great eternal law of compensation! While losses and suffering are immense, the compensations are incalculable! These great afflictions, indeed, bring to the surface the underlying good of human nature; that good which shall, by the slow, tedious and painful processes of purification, through fire and suffering, rise up in human purpose and action, and bring the golden era of golden love, sympathy, charity, tolerance and exact justice, which all desire and which will lift humanity upon a plane of millennial possibilities. No pardon or salvation; but purification through life experiences, in sunshine and cloud, in suffering and compensating consolation. And all without special interference of God or devil; angel of light or angel of darkness; though often with interference of spirits of human individuality, both of good and bad impulses, as also of those embodied and bodiless—all finally assisting the work of progression, the purification of human nature, the glorification of man, and, hence, of nature and God. What bright lessons may be drawn from these terrible experiences!

But you, Brother Jones, have suffered in the destruction of your Publishing House, and the necessary delay in publishing the good RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. And your readers have been compelled to forego their usual mental and spiritual food, which its columns regularly and so ably and acceptably served up to them. But only a short time will intervene ere compensation will be recognized by all the paper and its proprietor, by increased patronage and closer and warmer sympathies; the readers, by the improved typography and matter which will adorn its folds, as well as compensating return-words of confidence, good will and sympathies, which will pulsate the nobler and better emotions of each and all. Then, while we cannot rejoice because of the fire, we must feel a reverent thankfulness because of the compensating good which shall result therefrom.

Since my call at your office, ten days before the fire, I have attended two State Conventions of Spiritualists, that of Iowa at Iowa Falls, the 6th, 7th and 8th of Oct. ult., and that of Minnesota, at Faribault, 27th, 28th and 29th of same month. At both were earnest, brave and good men and women, who dare stand up for the stripping away, Modern Spiritualism; the purifier—not a sevier of religious perceptions and purposes—the sifting of truth from error, and the herald of a Natural Religion upon earth. Warm hearts and smiling faces greeted me at both of these good conventions, as well as in the many places I have visited. No matter though an occasional scorn meet my approaches, these only serve to make the sunshine of the opposite more warming and appreciable. Thus comes in compensation again.

Ever will compensation fold her mantle of love around each heart, and with sympathy's purest gold burnish the crown of each actor's part. J. K. BAILEY.

Eyota, Minn., Nov. 1st, 1871.

To Spiritual Apologists.

Our well-known brother, D. P. Kayser M. D., Clairvoyant Physician, of St. Charles, Ill., is shaping his business to enable him to respond to calls to lecture during the coming winter.

Dr. K. is one of the ablest and deepest exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy, as the readers of the JOURNAL have been made aware by his contributions for this paper, and the article in this week's issue, on Clairvoyance, is undoubtedly one of the ablest articles on that subject ever published, not only in giving the full and rational physiology of the "Organs of Vision," but also the true philosophy of soul-sealing, or seership. He has been regularly lecturing in St. Charles during the past summer, with constantly increasing interest in his lectures, which are ever new and drawn from the inspiration of the hour.

Societies desiring the services of a competent speaker should correspond with him at once, to enable him to arrange his routes for the winter.

Clairvoyant examinations of disease, with prescriptions adapted to the case, made and forwarded on receipt of a small lock of the patient's hair, and \$3.

Disappointed.

We confess to being a little disappointed at not hearing from a good many subscribers to the JOURNAL, who are largely in arrears. We have served them faithfully from week to week, paying out each year at least \$2.75 clear cash to supply each with the JOURNAL, and now, when burnt out, we did think they would promptly remit. We say we are disappointed, and yet we have hopes that but a few days will elapse before all such as are referred to will respond with the "material aid" we so much need.

The Press.

Our thanks are especially due to our high-minded and worthy contemporary, the *Banner of Light*. Brother Colby, its editor, will ever be held in grateful remembrance for the honorable and mainly course he has taken to promote the interest of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in the hour of our calamity.

The secular press in various parts of the country are also desiring of our thanks for words of sympathy, among which, are the *Daily Tribune*, *Times*, *World and Sun*, of New York, and *The National Standard*, of Washington, D. C.

Medium's Column

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Religious Publishing House, 180 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE LAWS OF SPIRIT COMMUNION.

By D. P. KAYNE, M. D.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The eyes are organs of "Special Sense," and are essential to the attainment of sight through what is termed the "visual ray," or in the wave of light reflected from an object upon the plane of sight.

The fact of the existence of a special sense implies also the fact of a sensorium, in which all the special senses are combined to form a general sense.

Thus, if there are five accredited senses, through which we gain a knowledge of things physical, these are so many avenues through which there is access to the mind, which really sees, hears, smells, tastes, and feels.

Confining our investigation to sight, we say the eye does not see.

Let us examine its structure and parts, and discover, if possible, the mode of its operations. It is in the form of a spherical globe, with two chambers, anterior and posterior, containing three humors, aqueous, crystalline, and vitreous, and is composed of three membranes, sclerotic, choroid, and retina.

In its structure it resembles the camera obscura, which, in reality, was copied from the mechanical structure of the human eye. This instrument, like the eye, has its lenses and its anterior and posterior chambers. Like it, also, its posterior chamber is darkened; and, in order to get a permanent impression, must contain the sensitive plate. Now, upon the back of the lining membrane of the posterior chamber of the eye, is a dark-colored secretion, which forms the darkened chamber. Over this is spread out the fibres of the optic nerve, forming the retina. This is the sensitized plate of the eye.

A circular band of muscles, the iris, forms the pupil, and contracts or dilates according to the intensity of the ray of light admitted through the cornea, or outer lens, and in this way the picture is toned down to be adapted to the condition of the sensitive plate, or retina.

We have said, the eye does not see. What, then, does it do? It makes, or receives, the forms of pictures.

Light moves in waves, and a ray of light from any object bears in its wavy undulations the photographic form of that object, ready to be impressed upon anything capable of receiving and retaining the impression.

In this way, when the focal distance of the lenses in the camera are properly adjusted, by shortening or lengthening the tube containing the outer lens, the waves of this "ray of light" are thrown upon the sensitized plate sufficiently concentrated and converged to form an exact picture of the object from which those rays of light are issuing.

In the eye, the self-organizing nerves controlling the circular band of fibres referred to, take the place of the thumb-screw, lengthening tube, and operator, to a great extent, by admitting less or more of the rays, and thus adjusting the condition of the sensitized plate—the retina—and a picture of the object is formed thereon.

The ray of light has now done its work. The eye, as an optical instrument, has performed its functions. The subtle chemistry of light reflected from forms and objects, and the human mind has the imprint of the solid particles of those forms with which its waves were laden, and reproduced them in miniature by its reactions upon the chemicals of the sensitized plate.

In sun pictures, produced by artificial means, the subtle chemical changes that follow the retentive formation of the picture, have been lost sight of, but in the organs of vision their wondrous powers have but just commenced. And here we begin to get an idea of the completeness of the instruments of the mind, through which it gains information of the surrounding physical nature, and acts outwardly through its physical covering. For now we see the ray with its imaged object refracted by the lens and vitreous humor of the eye, so as to form an extensive picture in the posterior darkened chamber, and its powerful waves broken up into innumerable little wavelets, and its shattered fragments throwing off or imparting to the magnetic molecules of the gray matter of the optic nerve their liberated magnetic elements, by which the picture formed is transmitted on to, and back along the optic track, back into the interior of the brain, and onward still, until it reaches the sensorium of the soul, and imprints upon it, through the magnetic soul waves thus set in motion, the impress of the object or picture formed in the "camera of vision."

We thus learn, then, in order to get a vision of the exterior of an object, the "ray of light" and the "magnetic ray" are combined. But the physical eye sees not. It is the eye of the soul alone that gathers in the magnetic waves of the universe, and reads the objective lessons furnished there.

The eye may be as perfect as ever, and when a paralysis of the optic nerve occurs, thus cutting off the mind's connection with the "optical instrument," and the picture waves cannot transmit their subtle magnetic chemistry along the "optic tract," there will be no physical sight. In telegraphy, if you put on the ground wire, all communications to offices beyond are cut off. So, in soul telegraphy along the wires of vision, amnesia puts on the ground wire, furnishing us the positive evidence that though the eye to all appearance remains as perfect as ever, the sight depends upon whether conditions than merely receiving and impinging upon the retina the waves of light. The physical eye, then, does not see. It is merely the picture-catchment instrument of sight.

We have also seen by the foregoing that the ray of light, as such, ceases when the picture is formed, and that the magnetic ray takes it up and carries it on and inward, until the mind receives the message telegraphed from its outer office.

Now let us turn our mind to a contemplation of nature, and we will find that every object, from a planet through all forms down to several of sand, and to the molecules that form that little grain of sand, all emit or throw off a magnetic emanation corresponding to their individual states and conditions, which forms within and around the atmosphere we breathe a magnetic atmosphere, more rare and yet more positive than that composed of oxygen and nitrogen, more subtle in its activities, more penetrating in its forces, and farther reaching in its results. It is the medium of communication or interchange between molecule and molecule, of reciprocation between forms, and systems of communication between planets and systems of worlds. It is the soul atmosphere which fills all the light which shines through all.

Unlike the wave of light, which flows from and bears along the exterior form-particles of an object, this magnetic wave is the outgoing emanation of the soul, and flows from the interior of all things, bearing the true individuality

of the interior soul of each to mingle and interchange with others, and to impress its selfhood upon them and in turn to receive their soul impressions.

The human brain is a series of magnets through which the soul acts in its outer temple, and receives intelligence of physical things through the nerves which constitute the five senses. But there are other avenues to the soul than through the gateway of the senses.

You commence to speak of a person of whom you had not been before thinking, and often when you think them far away, and while talking of them, they come into your presence. Something made you think and speak of them besides the five senses.

Again, you think of an absent friend, and your thought becomes intensified. In a few days you receive a letter from them, bearing date of the time when they occupied so prominent a place in your mind. Which one of the five senses brought you into rapport with that friend, and caused the thoughts they were then sending to reach you and attract your thoughts to them?

These are simple illustrations of the action of the magnetic waves of thought which flow out from the human soul, to mingle with the etheric emanations of other souls, whether the attraction leads. In the first instance the person thinking of you so impresses or infills you with that thought as to cause you to speak of them, or else, the only other way you can account for it is, that the magnetic emanations, which extend over the whole of the etheric realm, reached you in advance of their coming into your presence. These are evidence of magnetic emotions, impressions or influence.

Now another class of phenomena present themselves. Without any previous thought or knowledge, a fact becomes apparent to you which you proceed to investigate, and find that through which one of the five senses does this knowledge of unknown and hitherto unthought-of matters come? Or have we still another sense added to the accredited five? We answer, *CLAIRVOYANCE* is the sixth.

They have reached to a point, now, when the magnetic soul waves outflowing from everything are beginning to be recognized by the individual soul, as it acts along the wires of thought independent of the five senses, or else, elevating them jointly to the plane of intuition or inspiration.

In condition, the currents of the brain magnets, evidently, are jointly turned inward upon the soul, bearing in their undulations the reflections of shades that are gathering from combining magnetic conditions of events which form beforehand the picture of what is to be. In a proper state, the mind would act outwardly through the physical, the magnets of the brain are turned so as to act downwardly through the basilar, or physico-motor magnet, imparting to each one above, that is implicated in producing the action, the soul impetus or influence necessary to cause them to act jointly with the basilar. But when the soul powers are to be put into operation to act upon the universal soul elements of being, this order is reversed, and the magnets are all turned so that their currents are thrown upon the superior or spiritual region of the brain, through which, when in a proper state, for the induction of the current, the soul can communicate with, and receive impressions from, "the soul of things," without the aid of any of the accredited senses in the usual manner in which they commonly act.

In this state, the whole brain, that is essential to the transmission of the pictures formed by the instrument of sight in the ordinary mode of vision, becomes a sensitized plate, and catches the picture formed by the magnetic wave outflowing from the interior of a body or the interior of the etheric realm, and thus reveals, unimpeded by space or distance.

This is *CLAIRVOYANCE*, *SOUL SIGHT*, or *SPIRIT VISION*, when the mind comes into direct rapport with the thing to be seen, through the magnetic lines in the outflowing waves therefrom.

Clairvoyance, then, is that exalted state of the powers of the brain whereby "the organ of the mind" is at once brought into rapport with the mind itself, without the intervention of the special senses, and thus acting in concert with the soul it reaches out, along the pathway of the universal soul, to gather in some grains of additional knowledge from the fields of the infinite.

But though clairvoyance extends to the soul realm, it is limited by the capacities of the soul, and the conditions of its surroundings. It is not a manifestation of the soul, but an act of individuality, acting out a part of its individuality. It is the operation of a finite being in an exalted mental or spiritual condition, yet incapable of gathering in but a single drop of the grand ocean of infinity.

In other words, no one mind is capable of grasping, only in a very limited degree, infinitude. Each one is so constituted, that, if the true law of being was fully lived out, they would excel in some one direction; but none in all directions.

Clairvoyance diversifies, and establishes the individuality of being, wherein each differs in some point from every other one.

But yet we are often told, "If clairvoyance is true, and you can see one thing, you can see everything." But how inconsistent and unreasonable is this! Can an individual see, without the unaided eye beyond the "scope of vision"? Can one, with the aid of even Herschel's telescope, see the planets that are not in its range, or can they discover those worlds too remote from our earth for its powers? And can they, when by its wonderful powers they have reached to the stars, and see the physical, social, and moral conditions, the climate, soil, vegetation, races of animals, with its inhabitants and their occupations? If not, then why ask that the telescope of clairvoyant vision shall reveal all wonders, or assume that it reveals omniscience as a power that reaches out beyond those of the accredited senses, as the telescope reaches out or extends the ordinary powers of vision; unlike in different minds and organisms, and presenting as many grades of action as there are individuals, each capable of doing a certain labor in their particular field to which they are adapted, yet no one competent to do the work of all.

Do not, therefore, expect everything of any one mind, whether man, spirit, or angel, for infinite perfection belongs only to the Infinite Mind. Let us, in our endeavor to see, not seek too much for clairvoyance, or you will be doomed to disappointment; but if you get knowledge in any given direction, in advance of that attained by the ordinary modes of investigation, then, instead of blaspheming against the Infinite Mind, and making the steps of the Almighty, thank, from your utmost soul, the Father of all, that so much light, in the very nature of things, has been permitted to come to you.

In religion, in arts, and science, it has pioneered the advance of man, and now pointing the higher way that will lead mankind to the steps of selflessness, ignorance and cruelty, to that elevated condition of health, harmony and happiness.

Far out upon the spiritual sky we see the glinting rays of this sun, down which the angels are rolling onward, and soon the full orb of reason will arise to shed the golden glory beams of peace and joy over all mankind.

St. Charles, Ill., Oct. 26th, 1871.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
CLAIRVOYANCE.

Does the Spirit leave the Body during natural Sleep or Trance?

Many writers on the Spiritual Philosophy contend that it does, and in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Oct. 14th, we find this idea spoken of as a conclusive one; and the author, who is one of our most active and practical Spiritualists, may wonder that any one should question the assertion. But we have often felt this idea to be a very grave mistake; for we cannot find in our own earnest investigations of this subject any support whatever for the notion. We know that when the spirit leaves the body at the change called "death," the physical form immediately relapses into the condition of inanimate matter.

We know that if the intimate relations of the spirit with the body are in any sense impaired, in any organ or part of the body, the result is disease; and to restore the normal, harmonious, and healthy relation of the spirit to its vitalized structure is the first work of the healer and physician. To keep the soul in close affinity and harmony with its fleshly vehicle, is the object of all hygienic, as well as of the daily nutriment, provided for the support of the physical machinery. The voluntary action must be temporarily withdrawn from the bodily structure, because its additional wear upon this complicated mechanism, if suffered to be continuous, would prove disastrous to the system, and would tend to destroy the voluntary action must, therefore, for this time of recuperation, be left free, and to its sole province of labor, while the voluntary retires behind the scenes. We are not disposed to dogmatize, but must be allowed to express our honest conviction on a subject of so much importance, as having become the result of long experience in these clairvoyant moods or spiritual states.

And here we see that in the process of sleep, it seems the especial work of the spirit to build up the body, and at that time nature seeks to restore, by producing a perfect equilibrium between the two—the spiritual and the material—most irrational and absurd that the spirit can or does leave the body, at such times, and visit distant places. The "extension of a magnetic cord" to such distant places, even to other planets, this finely spun thread preserving the connection between the spirit and the body, is another most irrational idea to us. Knowing the laws by which the soul remains tenanted with flesh, we cannot harmonize such untenable propositions therewith.

But to explain these strange and interesting experiences, in which the soul appears to visit distant places, and roam about at pleasure during the hours of trance or sleep, is a very easy matter, and on grounds that are perfectly logical and capable of proof. Innumerable, almost, are the cases in which individuals have, in a lucid, clear state, seen events transpiring thousands of miles away from them.

Such was the case of Swedenborg during the fire at Stockholm. Many individuals, not capable of this clear sightedness in the waking state, are more intensely quickened and illuminated in the sleep or trance state. At those times, the spiritual connection between the spirit and the body is not severed, but the spirit is free to roam about at pleasure, and to visit distant places, and to see events transpiring thousands of miles away from them.

The spiritual sight knows no restrictions of material limitation or law. So with the spiritual hearing, and all other faculties of spiritual perception—allowing always that the conditions are perfect. The ripened spirit does not need to leave its tenanted body, to see events transpiring thousands of miles away from them, and rush away like a comet into the depths of space, to gain a sight of Orion or take lines of interest on the planet Jupiter, and certainly it does not need to sever this connection in order to visit the spirit-world, or to see events transpiring thousands of miles away from them, and rush away like a comet into the depths of space, to gain a sight of Orion or take lines of interest on the planet Jupiter, and certainly it does not need to sever this connection in order to visit the spirit-world, or to see events transpiring thousands of miles away from them, and rush away like a comet into the depths of space, to gain a sight of Orion or take lines of interest on the planet Jupiter, and certainly it does not need to sever this connection in order to visit the spirit-world, or to see events transpiring thousands of miles away from them, and rush away like a comet 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THE POSITIVE, RIGHT ARM
OF THE
HEAVENS,
AND
THE NEGATIVE. LEFT,
Holding a Double Rein over
DISEASE AND DEATH.
THE GRAND MEDICAL DEMONSTRATION
Of the Age.
THE SECRET OF ALL HEALING.
THE
KEY TO MEDICINE,
Unlocking the Fountains of Health and Sealing
the Sewers of Disease.
A SEVEN YEARS' TRIAL,
BY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS,
Proves it to be of
Supramundane Origin and
Power.
OVERWHELMING EVIDENCES
OF THE
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS
AND OF THE
REMARKABLE CURES
OF
ALL MANNER OF DISEASE
With which it is possible for
MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN
To be afflicted.
EVIDENCES FROM THE NORTH.
EVIDENCES FROM THE SOUTH.
EVIDENCES FROM THE EAST.
EVIDENCES FROM THE WEST.
TESTIMONY FROM MEN.
TESTIMONY FROM WOMEN.
TESTIMONY FROM CHILDREN.
TESTIMONY FROM DOCTORS.
TESTIMONY FROM PREACHERS.
TESTIMONY FROM THE PEOPLE.
Witnesses Unchallenged.
Witnesses Beyond Reproach.
Witnesses One and All.
CERTIFYING TO THE
INCOMPARABLE VIRTUES
AND THE
MAGIC POWERS
OF THE
MAGNETIC MEDICAL MESSENGER
FROM SPIRITS TO MEN,
SPENCE'S
POSITIVE & NEGATIVE
POWDERS.
39,308 CURES.
In the following list the total number
cures of different diseases, which have been
performed by the **Great Spiritual Remedy,**
PROF. SPENCE'S POSITIVE
AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, is in-
dicated by the figures which follow the name
of the disease. The kind of powders which
should be used in each disease is indicated by
the letters "P" or "N" or "P & N," which
follow the name of the disease,—"P" standing
for Positive, "N" for Negative, and "P & N"
for Positive and Negative.
Neuritis, P, 2,137; Dyspepsia, P, 2,974; Asthma, L,
2,219; Catarrh, P, 967; Cholera and Fever, P & N, 2,418;
Rheumatism, P, 3,738; Palmar Fracture, P, 1,499;
Suppressed Menstruation, P, 931; Female Weakness,
P, 1,561; Fever, P, 2,786; Amnesia (Blindness), N, 6;
Coughs and Colds, P, 1,239; Heart Disease, P, 963; Dia-
betes, P, 1,114; Headache, P, 1,541; Dysentery, P, 1,234;
Liver Complaint, P, 751; Pains and Aches, P, 81;
Deafness, N, 81; Brucella, P, 255; Piles, P, 218; Chol-
era, P, 112; Worms, P, 280; Inflammation, P, 571; Paraly-
sis, N, 74; Acidity of the Stomach, P, 352; Eczema, L,
436; Toothache, P, 353; Flatulency, P, 305; Hysteria, L,
411; Dipteria, P, 38; Spermatocystitis (Sexual Weak-
ness), P, 1,491; Erysipelas, L, 382; Constipation, P, 28;
Loss of Taste and Loss of Smell, N, 22; Nervousness,
L, 473; St. Vitus' Dance, P, 23; Disease of the Prostat-
ic Gland, P, 61; Scatica, P, 23; Sleeplessness, P, 1,638; Tu-
mors and Cancers, P, 28; Falling of Womb, P, 317; In-
voluntary Urination, N, 18; Influenza, P, 475; Dumb Ague,
P & N, 581; Scrofula and Scrofulous Sore Eyes, P, 572;
Typhoid and Typhus Fever, N, 431; Kidney Disease,
L, 571; Miscellaneous Diseases, such as Fever Sore, L,
Sore Eyes, P, Canaliculitis, P, Fits, P, Diabetes, P, Chlo-
ras, P, Cramps, P, Consumption, P, Cramp, P, Disease
of the Skin, P, Gout, P, Insanity, P, Jaundice, L,
Threatened Abortion, P, Quinoy, P, etc.—352.
BUY THE POSITIVE AND
NEGATIVE POWDERS OF
DRUGGISTS AND AGENTS, OR ELSE SEND YOUR
MONEY FOR THEM TO PROF. SPENCE, AT HIS
RISK,—SENDING ALL SUMS OF FIVE DOL-
LARS OR MORE, IN THE FORM OF MONEY
ORDERS, DIAPYRS, OR ELIAS IN A CERTIFIED LET-
TER.
AGENTS WANTED
EVERYWHERE.

From the New York Sun.
SPIRITS OR IMPOSTORS?
The Wonderful Performances at Moravia, New York.
(Continued from last week.)

When the preparation of this room had been completed; about two years ago, according to all the minute directions of the aboriginal ghost, a sitting was ordered there by the same authority. Precisely who were present at that sitting our reporter could not ascertain; but both Mr. and Mrs. Keeler were present, and also Mary Andrews, the medium. Mr. Keeler and his wife, and whoever else might have been with them, took seats, arranged in semi-circular positions before the strange enclosure, while the medium sat herself down in front of and facing them, which placed her close to the board partition, and nearly under the aperture in that structure. When all was arranged the lights were extinguished, as at former sittings, and for a little while silence and darkness reigned. Presently the strange lights appeared as of old, and all the other unaccountable mysteries, when out of the darkness came the voice of the savage ghost, directing that a lamp be produced and the medium be shut into the dark cabinet. These directions were obeyed, when silence again reigned for a time. Suddenly the black curtain over the aperture in the partition was observed to move, as if an effort was being made to raise it, and Mary Andrews cried out from within the cabinet, as if in great terror:

"There's a man in here! Let me out! Let me out quick!"

Mr. Keeler, however, calmed her fears by assuring her that there could possibly be no man there, but that what she saw, must be a spirit; and urged her to remain quiet and see what wonders would be performed.

After the interruption another period of silence ensued, when the agitation of the curtain was renewed, lasting for a moment or two, when a voice came from the opening, uttering these words:

"Too much light! Spirits can't stand the pressure."

Accepting the intimation conveyed by the words, Mr. Keeler lowered the blaze of the lamp until it shed but a glimmer of light in the gloomy apartment. Then followed another period of patient waiting and watching, when suddenly a copper-colored hand was thrust out from beneath the curtain, with the index finger extended, pointing first at Mr. Keeler, then at the lamp, and then at the end of the piano nearest the partition. This pantomime was easily translated, and Mr. Keeler proceeded to remove the lamp from its position in front of the aperture to the place indicated on the piano: the effect of which was to cause the light to shine obliquely across the opening without penetrating it. This arrangement seemed to be satisfactory to the spirits, who indicated their pleasure by sundry warwhoops and grunting "uhs," after the traditional savage fashion. Pretty soon

THE BLACK CURTAIN ROSE

completely from the aperture, and a face presented itself at the opening. It was an unmistakable Indian face, with high cheekbones, dusky hue, and all the usual characteristics. When the astonishment that the apparition produced had subsided into an eager curiosity, for what was to follow, the lips of the apparition moved, and a voice proceeding from them pronounced these profound words:

"Me big spirit! Me boss here! Plenty pale faces come see big spirit! Big spirit make everybody believe 'Ugh!'"

And the big spirit disappeared again into the darkness, and the curtain fell. Then there was stillness again for a brief period, interrupted only at last by a terrific shriek from the imprisoned medium, followed by a crash as she dashed the rude door away and came tumbling out into the room more dead than alive with fright. On being questioned regarding the cause of her alarm, she replied that a cold, clammy hand was placed on her face, and she wouldn't stand that from the spirits or from anybody else. Of course this little episode terminated that particular seance, and the company broke up, wondering greatly at the things they had seen and heard.

SPEECH FROM AN INDIAN SPIRIT.

On the following day Mary was induced to sit again, though with the distinct understanding that she would not go into the box or cabinet if the spirits were going to put their hands onto her; and if they did play any tricks with her, or trouble her in any way, she would not again sit. With this understanding the seance was commenced with pretty much the same preliminaries as the first, as on the first day. When the light was called for, it was arranged understandingly to suit the notions of the ghostly visitors. At this sitting several different faces appeared, some white and others swarthy, some male and others female. All did not talk, the majority confining themselves to pantomimic displays. Finally the big Indian spirit appeared, as if to close the performance in due form, and spoke as follows:

"Me big spirit! Me boss here! Spirits make everybody believe. Heaps of pale faces come here now. Folks must pay to see spirits. Mary Andrews get two dollars every time. She no sit for less. Spirits no come. Ugh!"

And so it happened that thereafter the happy medium of communication between mortals and the spirits of the departed exacted a fee of \$2 for every sitting, whether the number of spirit-seekers were many or few. And as the rush is now very great, her income is by no

means inconsiderable. Frequently she is required to sit as many as six times a day, and scarcely ever less than four times; so that her earnings are from \$8 to \$12 every day. This income she religiously pockets herself, and appropriates wholly to her own use, greatly to the indignation and wrath of the Keelers, who make no secret of their disapproval with her for not dividing. They say that she earns all this money, while they are compelled to undergo all the trouble and expense; and all they make is the profits that accrue from the board of human visitors and the keeping of horses. However, they can't very well afford to kill the goose that lays

THE GOLDEN EGG.

and as the spirits won't come unless Mary Andrews is present, they are forced to submit and allow her to pocket her fees. But Mr. Keeler says that he is going to talk with the spirits about it. He thinks that he ought to be paid something for his own time in superintending the operations; though visitor generally had quite as lief he would not be present, notwithstanding he persists in joining every circle that is formed when he is about. But his presence is not absolutely necessary, as it has been discovered that the show goes on quite as well without him as when he is there.

With the minute and extended account of the origin and rise of these strange developments; which has been obtained from the parties themselves and from the neighbors, and may therefore be considered in a measure apocryphal, we will say: over the two years during which the manifestations have been going into good running order, it is obtaining currency among Spiritualists generally, and come down to the present time and the observations and investigations of the Sun reporter, who has just returned from a protracted visit to the locality and a patient study of the phenomenon.

SEEKING THE SPIRITS.

The reporter arrived in Moravia, a stranger in the place, without any recommendation or letter of introduction, about five o'clock, in the afternoon. He found his way to the Moravia House, the most considerable and respectable tavern in the place, and withal an excellent country hotel, where he secured a room and then proceeded in search of the renowned medium. The hotel proprietor directed him to her residence, but on arriving there the reporter was told that she was not at home; she was up at Mr. Keeler's on the hill. This house, about half a mile distant, was pointed out, and the reporter started in that direction. About half way up the hill, he met a woman coming down, and thought nothing more of it. He found the Keeler family at supper, the company consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, the little girl that has been spoken of, two hired men, and two ladies and a gentleman, who he afterwards learned were temporary boarders seeking the spirits. The ladies were from Herkimer county, and the gentleman from some place that he was careful not to divulge. The reporter was received without the slightest indication of surprise, it being supposed of course that he was only another guest attracted by the usual magnet. Nobody rose from the table to greet him, and he asked any questions. He stood in the doorway and asked if Mr. Keeler was at home. Mr. Keeler looked up from his plate and replied, asking the reporter if he had been to supper. The reporter prevaricated, and said that as he wished to see Mr. Keeler alone, and was not in a hurry, he would wait outside until the meal was over. In due time Mr. Keeler came out. The reporter drew him aside mysteriously and said he had heard of Mrs. Andrews' strange gifts, and had come to observe them.

Certainly," said Mr. Keeler, and we will put his language into English, lest his utter disregard of all grammatical rules would render him unintelligible to the general reader—"Certainly, that's what people generally come here for. I knew what you wanted when I first saw you. But

YOU CAN'T SEE SPIRITS TO-NIGHT.

Reporter—Why not?
Keeler—Because the medium has gone home?
Reporter—Don't she stay here with you?
Keeler—No, she lives down in the village. You must have met her going down; she just left before you came in.
Reporter—I did meet a lady half way down the hill. But can't you get her back here?
Keeler—It's no use of trying; she won't come. And perhaps if you should get her the spirits wouldn't come. They act very strangely. Sometimes they won't come at all. Reporter—Hasn't this been a good day for them?
Keeler—Yes, this has been a good day. We have had some wonderful manifestations; and the medium is tired out now and she won't come back.

Reporter—But I am very anxious to see the spirits while I am here.
Keeler—There's no use of trying to urge this thing. The spirits take their own time. If you want to see something you may as well wait here at our house; if you want to; there's plenty of room; but if you are in a hurry you had better go along and give it up.

Reporter—But I am willing to pay the medium liberally for her trouble if she will give me a language into English, lest his utter disregard of all grammatical rules would render him unintelligible to the general reader—"Certainly, that's what people generally come here for. I knew what you wanted when I first saw you. But

Keeler—Well; you can go and see her; if she's willing to see you; but I don't believe you'll get her. You had better save your money; for if you force the thing like as not you won't see anything. The spirits are very curious, and you can't tell nothing about them, what they will do.

Mr. Keeler here intimated that he was go-

ing down town, and he and the reporter walked along together, continuing the conversation. Keeler—These are wonderful manifestations, but they ain't nothing to what we will have pretty soon. The time is coming very soon now when there won't be no skeptics. The spirits tell me so. They tell me that they will soon be able to show themselves to anybody everywhere, but the time ain't come yet. They know their own business, and we can't tell nothing about them. All we can do is to wait and see.

AFTER THE MEDEUM.

When the two had reached the foot of the hill, Mr. Keeler pointed to Mrs. Andrews' house, bidding the reporter to get her if he could, and himself turned into the main street and went about his business. Mrs. Andrews was found without difficulty, and promptly to the call of the reporter. She is a good-looking young woman, apparently about thirty years of age, of medium height and rather stoutly built, plainly but neatly dressed, has just a suspicion of her Irish parentage in her face, but more of the Yankee twang in her speech. There is a little touch of sadness in the first expression of her face, but the countenance lights up with a pleasant smile on entering into conversation. Though clearly not an educated person, she has more natural intelligence than the Keelers, and appears to be far better informed on general subjects than they. She received the call of the reporter quite as unconcernedly as did the Keelers. The interview was quite short, however.

Reporter—Mrs. Andrews, I have called to try and induce you to give me a sitting this evening.
Mrs. Andrews—I never sit in the evening. I have enough to do in the day time without that. Besides, I have sat four times to-day, and I'm tired.

Reporter—But I will pay you liberally if you will accommodate me. What is your usual fee?
Mrs. Andrews—Two dollars.

Reporter—Well, I will give you five for a sitting to-night.
Mrs. Andrews—Maybe you couldn't get anything, and then you would be throwing your money away.

Reporter—Don't the spirits always come at your bidding?
Mrs. Andrews—O no; they only come when they have a mind to. Sometimes they don't come at all. As I have been sitting all day to-day, it is more than likely I could not get anything to-night.

Reporter—But I have stopped here expressly to see these manifestations, and I want to go off on the train in the morning.
Mrs. Andrews—Very well, I will sit for you in the morning before the train goes, and then it won't cost you anything extra. I will be up to the house at six o'clock; then I'll be fresh, and perhaps we can get a good manifestation. I had rather not try it to-night.

IN THE SPIRITUAL HOUSE.

As this was the best arrangement that could be made, it had to be submitted to, and the reporter returned to his hotel. Promptly at the appointed time in the morning he presented himself at the Keeler house. Mrs. Keeler was busy preparing breakfast, the hired men were just bringing in the milk of half-a-dozen cows, the rest of the household had not yet risen, and the medium had not arrived. The reporter waited until 7 o'clock, when breakfast was announced. The family hurried into the kitchen one at a time, for their morning meal, and the reporter accepted an invitation to break his fast with them, for which his fifty cents was subsequently paid.

After breakfast, at which nothing was said of Spiritualism, only the appointment with the medium and her delay was mentioned, the Herkimer County ladies suggested that, while waiting for Mrs. Andrews, the reporter go up stairs and examine the room and cabinet.

A LOOK AT THE SPIRITS' NEST.

Mr. Keeler assented to this, with a protest against the suspicion that should make such an examination necessary. These suggestions, it must be understood, were made without any knowledge of the reporter's official character, or that he was anything different from an ordinary visitor. The suggestion, moreover, came from the ladies, who were utter strangers to him, and without the slightest intimation on his part that he desired to make such an examination. However, he was duly thankful for the opportunity presented, and availed himself of it without hesitation. He was furnished with a light and guided by Mr. Keeler and the two ladies, who were even more curious than he, and perhaps equally suspicious, he entered the main room, and through it the cabinet, which he curiously examined in all its parts, though as he had never witnessed the ghostly parades here, he was not so particular as he might otherwise have been. But on general principles he satisfied himself that the cabinet was a close apartment, devoid of machinery or furniture, and with no opening but the curtained spirit window and the door through which the medium entered.

While making these observations the medium arrived, attended by a young woman in black who was not introduced, but who was understood to be Mrs. Andrews' personal friend. The reporter withdrew from the cabinet into the main room, and circled into the room, Mr. Keeler sitting on the left, then the young woman in black, the reporter in the center, with the Herkimer County ladies on the right, and the medium in front. When all was ready the door of the room was closed, and the light extinguished. The darkness was then filled the room was painful. Conversation was carried on as usual. Presently Mr. Keeler proposed that

SOMEBODY SHOULD SING.

Everybody protested an inability to sing. Mr. Keeler persisted, arguing that the quality of the music was immaterial, the only object being to bring the company into more perfect harmony, without which the spirits couldn't operate. Finally, to remove any pretended obstacle, the reporter lent his somewhat remarkable vocal powers to the good of the cause. As he executed it a solemn occasion he struck up a solemn tune, selecting the words.

"Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry."

But the spirits didn't seem to fancy such doleful notes, and Mr. Keeler suggested something a little more lively, whereupon the tune was changed, and the company sang the very appropriate words.

"Mary to the Nation's tomb,
Bedecked at the early dawn."

The company all joined in these words with much zest, and flattered themselves that they made very good music. Still the spirits held aloof. Mr. Keeler then suggested that the music was not sufficiently lively; that something more stirring must be sung. The limited nature of the reporter's repertoire did not furnish a great variety of tunes of the nature indicated; however, he happened to think of an old-fashioned Methodist revival tune, fitting the words.

"Here I raise my knee to thee,
O God, my Father, Lord and God."

and with perfect recklessness he raised the tune at a 2.40 rate, the whole company falling in with great gusto, though, owing to the reporter's stirring and lively style, struggling from one to six notes behind him. But the tune was rendered with power enough to startle

THE SLEEPERS OF THE OTHER WORLD.

even if the shocking discord did not bring them in vengeance about the ears of the thoughtless mortals. But they came not, and when the words were exhausted, stillness and darkness reigned again. As a final effort, the reporter, in utter desperation, struck up

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground."

He sang the first verse alone, but the company came in nobly on the "Glory, Hallelujah" chorus, and on repeating it, were rewarded with help from the coy spirits of darkness. Seemingly out from the dark and empty cabinet came three voices, two male and a female, singing soprano, tenor, and alto respectively. They sang only in the chorus, but sang them clearly and with a degree of ability that put the mortal choir to the blush. Here, then, was mystery number one. Mr. Keeler and the reporter were the only males in the room when the door was shut, and it had not since opened. Keeler's darkness was clearly manifested, even in the darkness, by his constant astomate wheeze and disagreeable coughing. The reporter, of course, could distinguish his own voice among the mortals. Whence, then, came these two additional male voices, even supposing that Mary Andrews furnished the female voice?

INTERVIEWING THE SPIRITS.

When the singing ceased, the reporter essayed a little conversation with the spirits. "Reporter—The spirits seem to live a full chorus of his own; will they not favor us with a song by themselves?"

Silence alone answered the request. After waiting a moment the question was slightly varied and a "please" added. Then out from the darkness came a hollow voice, saying:

"The burden is greater than we can bear."
"If the burden of that music was too great for the spirits, the reporter concluded it was too great for him, so he too refused to sing any more. Then silence prevailed for a while. Presently, directly in front, two exceedingly bright lights appeared, apparently not larger than a pea, shining but for a moment and then disappearing. These were succeeded by others of like character, some appearing directly over the heads of the sitters, other behind them, or wherever a presumable chance might put them.

The appearance of one of the Herkimer County ladies described a beautiful, golden-haired child which she professed to see, though nobody else could see anything but the specks of light and the impenetrable darkness. Then the room seemed to be filled with shapeless and undefined

CLOUDS OF DARK FLEETNESS.

moving about in all directions, which Mr. Keeler said were spirits. While these displays were being made the same hollow-toned voice came again from the darkness, with the profound utterance,

"My friends, this is a beautiful reality."
The reporter thought so too, but he didn't say it. Just then there came a gentle hand, softly but unmistakably putting him on his knees. He clutched at the unseen hand, supposing, of course, that the spirit wanted to shake hands, but he grasped only a dark nothing—the ghost had vanished.

Finally, after a protracted performance of this character, a gentle tapping was heard on the wall. Keeler, who was evidently up to the business, at once asked:

"Do you want a light?"
Two taps were translated as an affirmative reply, and a match was promptly struck and the lamp re-lit. On recovering the sense of sight, everybody looked around and discovered everybody else sitting just as when the lamp was last burning, and no apparent change in the room. The medium then took her chair and retired within the cabinet, seating herself at the extreme north end, and just within the door. Mr. Keeler then put up and fastened the door, placed the light on the plane in the position heretofore described, set a rough paper screen in such a position as to shape the lamp

from the eyes of the sitters, and resumed his seat. The company sat patiently for a few minutes, occasionally exchanging remarks with one another, and commenting on what had been done, when the curtain covering the aperture was seen to move. All eyes were riveted upon it. Then it fell back and remained at rest. Again it moved as if an effort was being made to raise it. Slowly the lower right-hand corner was rolled back until the opening was about half uncovered. Then a figure presented itself in the opening and quickly withdrew, letting the curtain fall again. No one had seen the figure distinctly, nor could anybody tell what it was, though all asked. Presently the curtain was raised again as before, and

THE FIGURE AGAIN APPEARED.

presenting itself a little more into the light, but only far enough to be recognized as the face of a man. As it again withdrew, the whole company united in a request that the spirit show himself more plainly. The obliging old fellow made the effort. Drawing the curtain aside, he thrust his face quite through the opening until the light of the lamp fell upon his side. It was a venerable-looking face, not at all ghost-like or repulsive. It looked something like William Cullen Bryant. The head was covered with snowy white hair, quite thick and long. It had full whiskers of equal whiteness, and a heavy mustache that curled under like a heavy roll of hair. It was the face of a voiceless spirit, and withdrew itself as quick as seen.

While the company was urging the venerable spirit to give his name the curtain again rose, this time from the left-hand corner, and an entirely different face appeared. This was the face of a man certainly fifty years of age, with iron-gray hair and whiskers, but no mustache. He wore gold spectacles. He was a very familiar spirit, showing himself with great freedom, but he refused to talk, contenting himself with playing hopscotch with the audience for a few minutes, and then withdrawing absolutely. While the company sat waiting for his reappearance, or for some other development, a hand came out of the aperture, and pointing first at Keeler and then at the cabinet door, quickly withdrew. This pantomime was easily translated by Keeler as the end of the performance. It meant that he was to open the door and let the medium out, which he did, and the company broke up. As soon as the medium came out, the reporter again entered the cabinet and examined it more closely than before, but failed to discover any traps or machinery, or any means of ingress save through the door or by the windows.

ARRIVAL OF DR. NORTH.

On going down stairs, it was found that the morning train had passed, so that the reporter could not get away until evening. The train had brought some recruits to the company of spirit-seekers, chiefly Dr. North, a known Spiritualist from New York, and two very genteel appearing ladies from the same city. Dr. North was very anxious for an immediate interview with the supernatural apparitions, and desired that nobody but the medium and Mr. Keeler should be present. So the reporter left them to consult the oracle alone and went down to the village. After a midday dinner he returned to the house, hoping to join the company in an immediate sitting. Mrs. Keeler was in the kitchen attending to her domestic duties, and the child-grandchild was playing about the door and yard. Nobody else was to be seen. Mrs. Keeler informed the reporter that the "folks" had come up stairs, and that the light is once lit it is not again extinguished, and the space above the cabinet is open to the view of the sitters.

THE SPIRITS KNOW THEIR BUSINESS.

While the reporter was thus standing guard on the outside the seance terminated. Then he was immediately called for. The manifestations had been unsatisfactory, which was attributed to the ghostly displeasure that a visitor had been excluded, and the whole company united in a desire that the reporter should join them in another sitting. This he was ready to do, and the circle was soon formed. It consisted of the two New York ladies on the extreme right, then Dr. North, one of the Herkimer County ladies, the strange gentleman above mentioned who had not given his name or residence, the other Herkimer lady, the Sun reporter, the young lady in black, and Mr. Keeler on the extreme left. The preliminary ex-

(CONCLUDED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

By Wm. C. W.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MEDIUMSHIP, DISEASE, ETC.

By Sada Halley.

re, dear JOURNAL, is vacant. Then to-mor-
row, though it be the Sabbath day, I will work;
I will give my little mite to re-instate in Chicago the

Old truths are always new to us, if they

NIGHTSTOWN, IND.—Dr. J. H. Hill writes.

5 of the JOURNAL came to hand all safe, and a
welcome number never has been received.
Other, our sympathies, our inmost soul is with
and, and if we had this world's goods, we would
pay you. I send you inclosed four dollars, to pay

We have completed our arrangements for a course of six lectures the coming winter, by E. V.

NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE

paper.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Chicago Conflagration—That Proclamation—The Cause of Crime—A Strange Vision.

(NUMBER LXX.)

The fire which destroyed to a great extent Chicago, has taught an important lesson,—one long to be remembered. Now in ruins, now a smouldering mass, it points significantly toward an avenging God, who, it is said, ordered this visitation, that the citizens here might learn a lesson in humility. Michigan and Wabash Avenues, where the wealthy and aristocratic nabobs of the city resided, now present an entire different appearance. But a short time ago, you might have seen spacious parlors and rooms furnished in costly styles,—with velvet carpets, silk-cushioned chairs and settees, large mirrors ornamented with gold and resting in exquisitely carved frames, landscape paintings—in fact, they were supplied with everything that money could purchase, but humility. That was a foreign article. True, many worshiped this vindictive God in their churches, and supposed as they retired to rest at night in their comfortable quarters, that they were specially favored. But now the scene has changed. Those who were wealthy yesterday, are poor to-day. Those who could count their earthly gains by millions but a few weeks ago, have at last felt the avenging hand of God,—and those who have not lost all, have greatly suffered, and have been compelled to deprive themselves of many of the luxuries of life. Parlors on these avenues have been rented for offices, grocery stores, and for banks. What a change! What a metamorphosis! Yesterday indulging in luxuries from every crime, enjoying the comforts of wealth,—to-day so poor that they are compelled, perhaps, to accept of the bread of charity.

The religious world have gazed on the ruins of Chicago, as they did on those of Athens, Nineveh, Babylon and other ancient cities, regarding its destruction as caused through the instrumentality of an avenging God. Mayor Mason, of this city, to whom we alluded in a previous article, sent forth his Bull,—his proclamation, in the following language:

In view of the recent appalling public calamity, the undersigned, Mayor of the City of Chicago, hereby earnestly recommends that all the inhabitants of this city do observe Sunday, Oct. 29th as a special day of humiliation and prayer; of humiliation for those past offenses against Almighty God, and for which these afflictions are doubtless intended to lead us outside of prayer for the relief and comfort of the suffering thousands in our midst, for the restoration of our material prosperity, and especially for our lasting improvement as a people in reverence and obedience to God. Nor should we, even amidst our losses and sorrows, forget to render thanks to Him for the arrest of the devouring flames in our city on so many hours, and for the unexampled sympathy and aid which has flowed in upon us from every quarter of our land, and even from beyond the sea.

Mayor Mason, no doubt, is a religious man. Perhaps he prays, not as the New York officials pray, but as Jesus did when he left his apostles and sought a retired place and there venerated "His Father in Heaven." If prayer does his soul good, if fasting promotes his prosperity, and enables him to appear more acceptable in the sight of God, we advise him to indulge in such a practice.

The Mayor charges the citizens of this city as being guilty of grievous offenses against God, but fails to specify wherein. Come, Mayor Mason, don't deal in general terms,—be specific. Collect together the divines of this city,—make Robert Collier chairman, and Robert Laird Clow, Secretary, and let that august body draw up their Bill of indictment against the people of this city, and present it to the Grand Jury in heaven,—have them arrested, tried by an impartial jury of angels, and sentenced to be confined with Belzebub in the infernal regions, until they shall reform. We read the proclamation and then put it in our scrap book as one of the curiosities of literature. We regard it as an audacity to the anathemas of Pope Pius IX. On the day mentioned, we did not humiliate our

selves; we did not pray; we did not fast, only as we fastened ourselves to a delicious dinner; nor did we return thanks to God All Mighty for arresting the flames, thus saving so many houses, for we do not think he had anything to do with it. The Fire Fiend had swept the whole North Side away, and was then proceeding southward, and would have consumed the whole city, had not several buildings been blown up with powder. It was powder, water, and the energy of man that saved the city from complete destruction.

But we are appalled as we write. The cry of poverty strikes upon our ear so sadly, so despondently, that we weep. Those who had happy, comfortable homes, surrounded with the fruits of years' toil, had it swept away. Out in the cold rain, in the damp air they stood, objects of charity, ready to accept of any proffered assistance. The scene was appalling. It makes the strong, resolute heart falter, to think of it. And that fearful Monday night that followed,—a veil of sorrow enshrouded Chicago. Five hundred births in the tents or less secure places! A mother clasping to her bosom the wailing new-born infant! Three hundred little boxes made to inclose those who died! Three hundred graves made to receive their remains! Three hundred mothers' hearts tortured with pain and anxiety! A devil could not look upon such a scene and not shed tears. To think of it causes a cold chill to pass over us. Horrible night! A messenger of the innocents! A wholesale butcher of those whose hearts knew no guile. Oh! the Fire Fiend. God's Angel of Destruction, why visit this populous city? But was not this a sad picture? Was it not enough for God in one night to level Chicago to the ground, dissipate her wealth, destroy her terraced columns, her beautiful paintings and statuary? No! He sought Wisconsin—he applied the fire brand there! The flames were as devilish, as serpent-like there as here. They burst out at Peshtigo, Forestville—swept over the counties of Oconto, Brown, Door, Kewaunee and parts of Manitowish and Outagamie. The number of lives lost cannot be correctly ascertained, but will, no doubt, reach several thousands.

In this city were the fruits of crime. Dark holes of licentiousness stood by the side of the churches, and while the ministers were interpreting the Bible, making exhortations or preaching a sermon, but a few feet away were the low and vile, the gambler, the buffoon, the harlot, collected together enjoying themselves on their *place* of life. Here were gambling hells, palaces of prostitution, signification houses which, *reined* with respectability, it is said, received visits from ministers, editors, "pious secondaries, religious devils and moral reproaches"—and as our spiritual eyes were opened one time, we saw Chicago as we never want to see it again,—and in our anguish we asked, What is purity? What is morality? What is virtue? What is Christianity? We saw the veil lifted from the heart of this great city, examined its pulsations, looked at it from every standpoint! We saw an ulcer, foul, dark, and putrid! Surely, Chicago is corrupt, we said as we gazed upon the scene. Our vision seemed to go in secret places, to penetrate the very soul of those who walked forth in the garb of humanity. All impure, all devilish, all living in one putrid ulcer, and must it be probed by fire to allow its rotteness to escape? And then the scene changed. We had been gazing only on those who were deeply steeped in sin, and when our guide told us that under like circumstances, pre-natal influences and conditions, all would have done like them,—we desired then to have him make a distinction between society,—to show us the dividing line between those who are pure, and those who are impure, and he would not do it,—his great, honest magnanimous heart gazed with equal pleasure upon the prostitute and the divine, upon the culprit and the nun on bended knees! Who is to blame for this condition, we asked, and he waited our spirit to a little flaxen-haired girl resting quietly on a couch. A night's debauch had rendered her weary. We gazed upon the scene with strange emotions, stood by the side of her in spirit, and drank in the influences around her. We saw on her face the sweet kisses of a mother given in times past; around her neck the arms of a loving father and sister. She was their child—was once idolized, happy. We then saw the conditions of her pre-natal existence,—and saw the seeds of this life sown there. Even back, back, back, generation after generation, we passed, tracing conditions which, finally culminated in this flaxen-haired girl! One generation did not make these conditions—it required ten!

What a lesson! We gazed upon her, listened to her quiet breathings, and impressed upon her mind the shadows of her once happy home. Oh! she is now dreaming—the impression has had an effect upon her exceedingly plastic nature, and the scenes of her old happy home became to her realities. The tears start—they come forth, and glisten on her cheeks, and that dream made her sad, and we saw her lips move and the words "mother, dear mother," are uttered! Wicked Chicago! Corrupt Chicago! Devilish Chicago! The vision learned us a lesson. The little flaxen-haired girl was presented to us as an example, and our guide said, "Pronounce no sentence upon her, neither condemn her. You have traced the causes to pre-natal life—you have gone back generation after generation, and found that which culminated in causing this beautiful girl to become debauched. Impure thoughts on the part of mothers bring crime into the world. Licentiousness, as the world calls it, is only a carbuncle, a festering canker, a putrid ulcer, that has been held in abeyance generation after generation, until it culminates in some particular individual. Blame that individual! Not Blame that sweet, flaxen-haired girl, because there is centered within her organism the influences which have been

existing for ten generations, but were not fully developed, until she has brought into the world! No!

"Time is a link in life's eternal chain,
Yet incomplete, and death begets again
To form the circle of a life divine.
From seed-beams gathered from the shores of time,
Creation's cradle, where the swirling soul,
Sublimely, breeds to virtue's sweet contrast;
There, though cultured ignorance, incline
To spread the terrors of a fruitless vine.
And thus the world, from race to race, has rolled
Through darkness dire and sorrows untold.
The selfish eye transmits to worlds on
The seed, its blindness, leaves the cause on.
Till nations echo with the fearful cry:
"It is a dread and awful thing to die!"

Our soul, as we were taught this lesson became grandly illuminated with a light divine! We were brought in close communion with the illustrious dead, and traced the life lines of connecting generations. Flaxen-haired girl, resting from a night's debauch, we hold you blameless! You inebriate, intoxicated with poisonous liquors, we will not point the finger of scorn at you! Noble, honest old man, we will not praise you! You philanthropist, whose whole life has been one page of good deeds, we have no words of approbation for you! Noble woman so full of love, charity and all that is pure and lovely, we shall not flatter you! Henceforth we condemn no one; we praise no one. Wicked Chicago, we will not censure you; moral Chicago, we will not praise you!

Oh, what a grand lesson! The heart of our guide seemed to be a temple of charity, and as we gazed upon its emotions, we saw him extend his arms lovingly around all humanity. Noble spirit, each thought a gem of purity going out to elevate the world! And while he goes forth to assist all, to scatter flowers around them, he utters no words of condemnation, hates no one, but with his eyes on the celestial glories of the Summer Land, he points each one to the grandeur thereof, and leads them forth as erring children, not blaming them, not chiding them, for he knows the cause that made them what they are. And thus he labors,—throwing over the erring the veil of charity, he leads them forth in the exalted paths of virtue, and he only frowns when he sees others condemn them. His life is one of continual devotion to humanity. An unostentatious name, simple in manners, and a world-loving spirit ever distinguishes him, and he comes to our side, and teaches us the grandest lessons of life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Calamities: their Author or Cause.
Is there a Compensation?

In our last issue we announced our intention to discuss the subject of so-called Evil. Recent calamities throughout the world have aroused a spirit of inquiry among the masses.

The authorship or cause of calamities is being inquired into. The motives of their author, if it be a Supreme Being, and the object to be attained should be made to appear.

The great mass of mankind being religiousists of over *seven hundred* different phases, they naturally look to their religious leaders to instruct them, by proper replies to the queries, as to the authorship, or cause, and object.

With almost one accord these religious teachers predicate their replies upon the idea of an angry God, against whom his creatures have sinned, and against whom he gratifies a revengeful spirit—a primitive idea which originated in the early ages of earth's inhabitants—which conception has been fostered and promulgated from generation to generation, and is the central idea in nearly all systems of religion throughout the world.

If we go back only to the Mosaic record—the Sacred Word of Judaism and Christianity—we are taught that for the sins of the first human beings, in eating that which they had been forbidden to partake of, he not only cursed them and the numberless myriads of the whole human family that should descend from them, but the very earth upon which we live. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord—what a beginning!

Soon after Cain, from a spontaneous outburst of his destructiveness, which he inherited, slew his brother Abel. Again the malevolence of Moses' and the Christian's God is awakened, and he curses him and his sons. "Weak-minded Spiritualists" would, if they had been consulted, advised the Almighty to send him to school, and give him such an education as would have brought into action the higher faculties of the man, and thereby held in check his destructiveness to be used only in killing wolves and other dangerous wild beasts, or perchance the snake that beguiled his mother, Eve. But they were not consulted then any more than they are now by his viceregent and ambassadors.

Next, we find that for the sins of the people the God of the universe got angry, and drowned the world. Again he, for like causes, burned Sodom and Gomorrah. For similar purposes he caused whole nations to be blotted out of existence, mothers and daughters to be ravished and enslaved. He caused famine and pestilence to stalk through the land. The earth to open and swallow up innocent women and children. In fine, all the calamities that befall the early nations of the earth were the direct work of the Almighty, or the indirect work by his agents, as in the case of the devil and old Grandfather Job, or the lying spirit he, God, sent forth to compel the prophets to give forth false prophecies.

It will hardly do to say that these stories were fallacies, believed in only by our grandfathers and grandmothers, so long as the same doctrine is preached from almost every popular pulpit of the present era.

The records referred to are said to be *veridical writings*, given by the inspiration of Almighty God, through the lips of holy men, and that it is blasphemy to even question the truth of the same.

If God used to so deal with mankind it is doubtless true (he being unchangeable), that he does the same thing to-day.

It is to be wondered at, that those who pay a preacher to do their thinking, are content to

receive such teachings, inasmuch as it is backed up by Holy Writ without questioning? Nay, more, is it to be wondered at that millions who have questioned the infallibility of the Bible have been tortured by the rack and flame until death in all past ages, when such deeds of horror by almighty God are cited in justification?

The history of the world teaches the sad lesson that bigoted religionists are the most desperately cruel beings on the face of the earth. They have caused more human suffering than all other causes combined.

Such has been the case in all ages, so far as the world has any knowledge. The ushering in of the Christian Era was commenced (so says the record), with the sacrificing upon the cross the life of the Nazarene, and followed by the most terrible butchery for centuries that that cruelty could conceive of. Sect warring against sect, each being as they claimed, the true followers of the immaculate God.

Not to attempt to cite popular books of history to establish facts that are familiar to every school child, we make the broad assertion that the most terrible cruelty that the ingenuity of man could conceive of, has been employed by so-called Christians to execute the will of the God of the Bible, and bring heretics into a confession of the infallibility of the Bible and the church.

If these premises have been true during the whole history of religion in regard to the attributes and practices of an Almighty God, then it is doubtless true that God burned up Chicago, including innocent children and so-called houses of God to avenge himself on the wicked inhabitants of the city—and the same premises will hold true in regard to the consuming fires in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan—the same doctrine will hold true in regard to every calamity that ever befalls a nation or people. Hence all clergymen preaching upon the subject have done their exact duty in ascribing such *delish* acts to Almighty God, and the Colliers as well as the few other devotees and worshippers of Moses' God and venerated of His Sacred Word, called liberal Christians, have come far short of consistency in thus failing to preach in accordance with the doctrines of Holy Writ.

They hold as sound the Divine Word, and yet dare not preach in accordance with its teachings, because it conflicts with science, philosophy and common sense. "Consistency thou art a jewel." Orthodoxy and liberal Christianity, both based upon the Bible as the Sacred Word of God. On the one side it is claimed that God burned Chicago to punish and get revenge (Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.) upon sinners, as he did of old (He changeth not): he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. On the other hand, the same Bible Christians deny God's doing the terrible deed, but attribute it to "dry weather and high winds."

Old theology rejoins and says, however plausible the liberal Christian's argument may be it is not consistent with the "Revealed Word," which they adhere to and read from every Sabbath. And furthermore "a carnal reason is dangerous" to follow. The rebutter of Brother Collier on behalf of Liberal Christianity has not yet been filed.

We shall pursue this subject further in due time.

ANOTHER ORGANO MOVEMENT.

Mysticism.

Bro. JONES: The day is come for all to work. I know you will do your duty in helping on the glorious work now begun. All can act their part. Further information by applying to any member of a "Unit," or to your friend R. D. Goodwin, St. Louis, Mo., with return postage.

God be thanked the cloud is moving, and the silver lining is in view. R. D. Goodwin.

R. D. Goodwin, 1776 Continental League of 1876!!

Give us your hand in this dark hour,
And we will seek the light together.

We received the foregoing from Col. R. D. Goodwin, a very devoted Spiritualist, of St. Louis. We give it place in the JOURNAL for those who appreciate it or want to know more of it than appears upon the surface. Such can address the author as directed above.

For ourself, we frankly say, we recognize nothing in this great movement called Spiritualism, that is not open to the free investigation of every thinking mind. No humbug organizations—national or local; no highfalutin political movement partaking of sectarianism, nor any other pretentious movement that some Spiritualists seem to long for, and are so ready to countenance, however absurd, will find favor in this JOURNAL.

We have given all such movements a fair hearing, so far as reporting what they have done and proposed to do.

All such movements have, thus far, been not only ephemeral, but a burlesque upon common sense, and generally conceived and brought forth by Rev. gentlemen who want position and have but little conception of spiritual philosophy.

Spiritualism is doing its work nobly despite all such movements. It counts more devotees than any religious sect, without organic effort, religious dogmas, or political partisanship.

Our philosophy being based in truth—is natural and harmonious with all other truths. Hence we feel that the work of Spiritualism is not to be done in a party-political nor religious. It is *eclectic*, it takes and uses that which is truthful and useful wherever it may be found. It culls from the best. It exerts its influence upon every class of society, and

upon every individual. It aids in presenting the best men and women for official duties. It exerts its influence in liberalizing public sentiment. It is *impartial* in showing the fallacy of all religious organizations based upon the errors of priests, who persist in teaching the dogmas of a vicarious atonement. It builds up in its stead a purer system of philosophy.

It would be as absurd to harness such a system of philosophy into a political party, as it would be to do the same thing with natural philosophy, geology, astronomy, or chemistry.

No, friends and brethren, let us stand above all such ephemeral combinations. Let us clasp hands with the intelligent denizens of the Spirit World, and with each other, in the open investigation of truth. Let us war manfully against error, and have no fear of any greater calamity befalling us than that of ignorance, superstition, bigotry and idolatry. Let it be distinctly understood that we raise no objections to, but have ever favored local organizations based upon such liberal articles of association as will enable communities by a joint effort to raise means to build halls, and support lectures and lyceums for the development and cultivation of the higher faculties of old and young, youth and middle aged, and bring all such into friendly local relations—sectarian or political—never.

While we have no fellowship for Col. Goodwin's movement, we think it quite as sensible as the resolves of the American Association of Spiritualists, at their late meeting at Troy, or those since adopted by their Executive Board, resolving to go to the polls and vote for the president of their *sway* for President of the United States. Spiritualism as an organized body, should no more seek to control the votes of individuals than it should seek to provide creeds and confessions of faith for them. God forbid, that the time should ever come, when we have a religious party strong enough to control the Government of the United States, neither of sectarian Spiritualism, nor any other class of religionists. Already the voice of asceticism has been raised against us and our paper in the sessions of this same American Association of Spiritualists. One of its leaders has sought the columns of *The Worker*, to warn our cotemporary, the *Worker of Light*, against extending the hand of fellowship and courtesy to us and our paper. What might we expect if there was a great political party sufficiently strong to elect the president of such a body to the office of Chief Magistrate of the United States? Will all those who are familiar with the history of the intolerance of any and all religionists when in political power, stop and reflect upon the absurdity of such resolutions as before referred to, and those who are not thus familiar, put themselves upon the subject? A moment's reflection will make them realize the great truth that such puerile movements of would-be leaders in Spiritualism does more to bring our philosophy into contempt than all the preaching of Orthodox clergymen in the world. Their preaching makes men inquire into its truth—making a political party of it, makes sensible men and women abhor it.

Curing the Sick.

One of the most important demonstrations of spirit power both in modern and ancient times, is the diagnosing cases of sickness and curing the same by the laying-on of hands, or in some other remarkable manner, with a certainty that is entirely beyond the power or even comprehension of any of the schools of medicine.

The reports of so-called marvelous cures by the Nazarene and his followers, is abundantly sustained by parallel cases of the present day, through a multitude of healing mediums.

The mode of treatment may differ with different mediums, but the result is the same—the cure of the patient.

While all healing mediums are more or less successful in their profession,—some seem to have the power developed to an extent bordering upon the miraculous. It being so strange to us observers, that a lady like Mrs. A. H. Robinson, of Chicago, who has had no medical education, and in her normal state, is entirely destitute of the ability to diagnose or prescribe for the sick; and yet when seated for that purpose, while under spirit control, either in the presence of the sick person, or by holding a lock of their hair in her hand, she will instantly give a correct diagnosis and curative remedy. Indeed, her powers are such, that she can instantly tell a counterfeit from a genuine Bank-note by the simple touch without seeing it. These cures are daily being performed through her mediumship in every section of the country. The worst types of cases are never reported for the fear of embarrassing remarks by readers and skeptical neighbors, towards such patients so cured by spirit power.

That class of healers are frequently being developed, and millions of sick people have been cured by spirit power.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Amount previously acknowledged..... \$305.00
A. Farnsworth, Mich., Saginaw, Mich..... 1.50
T. J. Peabody, Wallula, W. T..... 10.00
Daniel Baxter, Brighton, Mass..... 5.00
David S. Fuller, Davenport, Iowa..... 5.00
E. S. Sheldman, Webster, Minn., by mistake credited in last issue to Sherman..... 10.00
W. Peters & father..... 11.00
A Quaker gentleman, letter mislaid..... 5.00
D. N. Hunt, Chicago, Ill..... 1.00
Hon. J. W. Edmunds, Edmunds' tract, one hundred copies.....

THE BANO'S CHILDREN, at No. 227 South Morgan street, Mrs. Maud Lord, 261 1-3 Park Avenue, as fine mediums as can be asked for, hold seances occasionally. Call at their residences for engagements.

Medium's Column.

DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D.,
The ANALYTICAL HEALER, burnt out in Chicago
 has located at Rockford, Ill.
 Sufferers at a distance successfully treated. Medicines

148 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case t

"What I Know of Insanity."

FOURTH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

JUST PUBLISHED.

* * For sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 136 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

By R. W. Hall.

* The Heb. for *Lord* (*Elohim*) signifies a plurality of persons. The proper translation would have been: "And the God, who is the God of the gods, appeared to Moses."

* On this see the whole of Deut. XXXI. (the first verse of which should I quote, it would subject me to fine and imprisonment: Lev. xxi.

We once believed in a devil with horns and hoofs, whose business it was to harass and seduce every son and daughter of humanity for no other object only that he might have the

accepted not in harmony with our law-established religion. Few indeed of the wise men of our day would favor any such a move; but when it is known that all except bigots are deprived of certain privileges, then it will be

LANCASTER, PA.

NOTHING LIKE IT.—We refer to NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, advertised in another column. It is as effective as it is pleasant to use. No more washing and rubbing.

one bottle, and as clear as ice. No gum, no silt, no poison.
Examine it. See advertisement.

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

An Appeal to my Friends.

Brothers and sisters, the fire-god and wind-god formed a co-partnership, and burned to death the physical bodies of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Matilda Eames, and her only son, Lucien, and one of her daughters, at Birch Creek Settlement, Menominee Co., Mich., on the night of the 9th of October last; also burned the body and face of her husband to such an extent that he will not be able to help himself for many months. There are two little girls left homeless, penniless, all gone, not a garment to wear, and there are several thousand others at Menominee, Peshtigo, and Oconto, Wisconsin and Michigan, in the same condition. I have ordered a house furnished, and provisions for the winter, with all necessary to make one of the families comfortable. I have supported two orphans for the last year. The addition of this family to mine make a heavy burden for me to carry, together with other charities I wish to confer. I am not rich; I am not a beggar; I am poor; I am a worker. I have friends and enemies. I am no man's or woman's enemy.

The girls are fifteen and twelve years old respectively. It would be hard to separate them from their father in this, his hour of trial and their sorrow. I should want my children with me, if I were in Mr. Eames' place, and I believe in doing unto others as I would that others should do unto me; hence my course in regard to him. He is not a Spiritualist, but he is a man and a brother. Will any of my friends donate him and his two daughters clothing of any kind, or money. We do not want provision. We have enough of that. Send by express, prepaid, to Lombard, Du Page Co., Ill., care of Mrs. Mary Ellen Wilson. We shall have them with us at Lombard by the time this reaches your eyes, having already ordered their removal. I will thankfully receive from my friends such donations as they feel warranted in giving me where I am lecturing.

Brothers and sisters, if ever I was under the direction of angels to do an act of charity, or give a communication from spirit-life, I am now. Do you believe me?

Sarah Sumner, of McHenry Co., Ill.; Hannah Gould, of Beaver Dam, Wis.; and Prof. J. E. Hendricks, of Des Moines, Iowa, have each donated five dollars. D. S. Michler, Des Moines, Iowa, one dollar.

This act to Mr. Eames will cost me at least three hundred dollars before he is able to help himself, if he ever is.

Let us help each other.

Our Second Visit to Minnesota.

Saturday, Sept. 2nd, we find ourselves comfortably settled in the pleasant and happy home of Brother Donnelly, a Spiritualist indeed, surrounded with all earthly comforts, a beautiful almoner in our cause. Brother Donnelly stands not alone in Spiritualism in this city.

Lake City is one of the prettiest towns in Minnesota—the largest town on Lake Pepin, and contains two thousand six hundred and eight inhabitants; a favorite resort for tourists and pleasure seekers, situated about midway, and on the West shore of Lake Pepin. It is one of the most active and enterprising towns on the Upper Mississippi, and contains in all, over one hundred business houses. We lectured here four times and held two seances, during Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of September. Brother Jamieson held two or three discussions here, and lectured several times, doing much good, and would do more if he would drop his lecture on dark circles and physical mediums. It is difficult to have people believe us in our manifestations when we condemn others.

Brother Jamieson is a good worker, and I fully believe in his influence,—so do I in Mrs. Ferris, the Davenport, Read and Bastian; but how shall we believe Brother Jamieson when under "Big Indian" influence, he whoops, runs over the prairie in the night, or sleeps on a sheep skin for a bear skin, and then condemns all other physical mediums?

We gave many fine tests in Lake City, one of which we will relate in brief. To a lady and gentleman we said to the lady first:

"Madam, we see you at sixteen years of age, standing at the forks of a road, between two conflicting elements. You leave the right hand, and take the left hand road. For six years there is joy, happiness and peace. Then comes confusion and shipwreck. At twenty-five years of age, there is another and great change, influencing all your life, from then until now. To-day your life has in many senses been a failure, and through your own acts."

We then turned to the man, saying:

"Sir, your life has been marked with wonderful changes. Your fifteenth, sixteenth, twenty-second, twenty-fifth, twenty-seventh and thirtieth years are all important in your life-record. Your influences are from all parts of the world. You too, have been a failure through causes superinduced by yourself. Your opportunities have been more than ordinary."

We then took up each date in detail, giving minute descriptions of events, and parties. Turning to them, we said:

"All this is from the spirit of a man who was your watchful friend and well-wisher. He died suddenly."

We then gave a full description of the man, and the initials of his name. The spirit then turned to her and spoke words of severe advice. This test produced a great excitement, and most marked influence. The lady was led away by her friend. It was every word true.

We gave one hundred and sixty-five tests in Lake City; one hundred and forty fully identified on the spot. We had a fine dinner of speckled trout presented by Brother Myner, a good Spiritualist, and like Peter, a good fisherman.

After we left, we learned that Brother Jamieson had a discussion on hand, of considerable importance.

Lake City is a live town, and full of Spiritualists.

E. V. Wilson's Appointment for Dec. 1871.

We will lecture in Mayville, Iowa, on Friday, Saturday evening and Sunday morning and evening, Dec. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, four lectures.

We will lecture in Mayville, Iowa, five miles from Center Point, and ten miles from Vinton, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Dec. 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th—four lectures.

Will speak in Strawberry Point on Friday and Saturday evenings, and Sunday, A. M., and in the evening, four lectures, Dec. 8th, 9th, and 10th.

We expect to be in Fort Dodge on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Dec. 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, for four lectures.

Brother G. H. Henry will arrange according to our letter of the 8th of Nov., or the one to Mrs. Swain of the 12th ult.

We will be in Wimebaggo City, Minn., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, four lectures, Dec. 15th, 16th, and 17th, as per our letter to J. B. Castleton, of the 22nd ult.

We will lecture in Mankato, Minnesota, on the evenings of Dec. 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, on Sunday morning and evening, the 24th, seven lectures.

We will speak in Kyoto, Minn., on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, Dec. 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th.

We will eat dinner at home on New Years day, 1872, for the first time since 1865.

We will speak in Philadelphia the Sundays, and on Monday evenings of Jan. 1872. Please remember the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

periences in the darkened room were in all respects the same as at the former sitting. When the lamp was lit, the spirits were prompt in putting in their appearance. Several strange faces were presented, some male and others female, but none that were recognized. Finally a face appeared that resembled the gold-spectacled ghost of the morning sitting, though without the spectacles. He was present in the name, and finally responded in a clear, bold tone, "Paine." This left the company as much in a quandary as ever, and the desire was expressed for his given name. Was it Tom Paine, or what Paine was it? The ghost evaded the question, and continued to play hide-and-seek from behind the curtain, occasionally as he showed himself indulging in some fancied witicism. At length, as the company persisted in knowing his full name, he changed his base and announced it as "Solomon Sam Josephus."

SPIRITUALITY.

One of the New York ladies, who had evidently come hoping to see and communicate with a departed friend of the masculine fraternity, persisted in her inquiries if such a spirit was present, and urgently requesting that he would show himself. The witty ghost, Solomon Sam Josephus, however, persisted in monopolizing the stage and time, and in reply to the lady's inquiries, kindly told her that she had made friends enough without calling for others from the spirit world. One of the gentlemen present wanted to get some information about a female spirit, but was told that he ran too much after the women. These and similar brilliant and profound observations occupied the time of the spirit for over half an hour, when he withdrew, and the performance was concluded.

The reporter remained for another day, and had other interviews, but none of a more satisfactory nature, nor which need be particularly described. He then left the village, and was gone four days, when he returned unexpectedly on a morning train, and proceeded at once to the reporter's residence, determined to prosecute the investigation until he should be able to explode the humbug. He found an entirely new company waiting at the house, and a circle was at once formed. In this circle was a gentleman from Syracuse, and judging from his conversation, evidently an official of some sort. When the show commenced, a face was presented that was entirely different from any the reporter had previously seen. This face the Syracuse gentleman recognized as that of a man named Butler.

WHO HAD BEEN MURDERED.

A few weeks previously in that city. To make the recognition complete, the Syracuse gentleman asked the apparition to show the side of his head. The side view was given, disclosing a horrible gash on each side of the head, from which the blood was apparently streaming. This was considered satisfactory evidence of identity, the Syracuse man pronouncing the wound precisely such a one as Butler had received. The ghost was then asked by the gentleman if the party in arrest was the murderer. The apparition promptly responded, "Yes; hold on to the d—d louse."

After this, the face of a very pretty girl appeared; but as it was not recognized, it was withdrawn. Then appeared a most lovely, though strangely and female face, apparently a lady just rising on a woman's form. Her features were all fully developed and were exquisitely beautiful. The eyes were large and lustrous; the nose a full Grecian; the mouth symmetrical and tempting. The complexion was not that of a corpse, though it was wonderfully clear, while the whole expression of the face was one of extreme vivacity. The apparition excited the liveliest sensations among the beholders, and all leaned forward to inspect it closer. It appeared several times, at each appearance coming further into the light, until all had satisfied themselves of the reality of the vision. Then it was asked to give its name. The lips moved as if attempting to pronounce a name, but no sound came from them. Again and again it appeared, at each appearance, renewing the effort to speak. Finally a whisper was heard, and all ears were bent to catch it. The whisper was repeated a little louder, and finally so loud that all heard it distinctly and understood it alike. It was a name familiar to the reporter, and sacred to him, though the face was certainly not familiar, and, though not wholly dissimilar, would not be that of the lady named.

ANOTHER SEANCE.

On the following morning the reporter took a resident of the village with him to witness the manifestations. This gentleman had lived a number of years in Moravia, and knew all the inhabitants; but he was not a believer in Spiritualism, and had never visited this house. He was invited in order that if there were real faces, as they seemed to be, he might detect them. A circle was duly formed, and remained in waiting two hours; but the ghosts obstinately refused to appear, and an adjournment was finally forced upon the company by fatigue. Mr. Keeler seemed greatly mortified at this failure, the more so because of the presence of the village gentleman, whom he urged to come again in the afternoon. The reporter felt persuaded that he had now found a clue to the mystery, and went away with his companion. But in the afternoon they concluded to try it once more, and renewed the call. The circle was formed as in the morning. During the usual performance in the darkened room a male voice appeared directly in the midst of the company, speaking in the German language. Nobody present understood German, and therefore the communication was unintelligible. It was then explained by Mr. Keeler that Dr. North, who was present the previous week, had held a long conversation with this or some other male ghost. Again a voice appeared and repeated his unintelligible words, but as he got no response after due waiting he seemed to get impatient, and found a more satisfied audience when he suddenly broke out with the words,

"Strike a light!"

The light was struck with surprising quickness, but the ghost had vanished. The medium

then entered the cabinet and the show began, unfolding the

MOST REMARKABLE AND STARTLING PROGRAMME the reporter had yet witnessed. First of all, the face of a middle-aged man—a new face—was presented. This was followed by a hand, apparently grasping something, and moving back and forth across the opening. While this pantomime was enacting the medium announced from within the cabinet that she could discern something bright in the spirit's hand, and that he was drawing it across his throat. On closer inspection this was seen to be the case, the man or spirit was apparently cutting his throat. The question was then asked, who of the company had lost a friend by suicide? but no one responded. While endeavoring to find out for which particular one of the witnesses this manifestation was intended, a hand was thrust out and with extended finger, pointing in the direction of the reporter and the gentleman who accompanied him, "As the Moravia gentleman seemed most clearly indicated, the company unanimously decided that it must mean him. In order to be certain he asked the question if this exhibition was intended for him. In response the hand responded and pointed directly at the reporter.

"Is this pantomime for my edification?" the reporter asked.

Thereupon a great muscular arm was thrust out, away up to the shoulder, and with clenched fist gave three powerful blows on the partition above the opening. This was an unmistakable arm, of an unusual length even for a man. It was clad in white, the material being gathered at the wrist into a narrow band which was buttoned or otherwise fastened.

"Is the tragedy you are representing one in which I am interested?" asked the reporter, anxious to solve the riddle.

In reply a hand appeared and waved an affirmative answer.

"Does it relate to any relative of mine?"

A negative reply was received by the same means.

"Does it relate to any friend of mine?"

The negative reply was repeated.

"Is it an affair in which I have been professionally interested?"

The same hand waved an affirmative.

"Has it anything to do with

THE NATHAN MURDER?"

A negative reply was received.

"Has it any connection with the Alice Bowsley case?"

Another negative reply.

"Is it the case of a man or female?"

Here the reporter was reminded by the Spiritualists present that if he asked a double question the spirits could not answer it. He then modified his question.

"Does the manifestation relate to a man?"

A negative reply.

"Then it must be a female?"

At this a delicate hand appeared, holding a handkerchief of surprising whiteness, and with every indication of gladness, portrayed by the rapid and emphatic manner in which she waved the signal, replied affirmatively.

The reporter was anxious to get further information, confessing his inability to imagine what the pantomime meant. Some little delay ensued, which Mr. Keeler said was caused by the spirits preparing to explain the matter more clearly. Pretty soon the curtain rose again, and the upper part of an arm, clad in white, and the hand, was thrust out. This was followed by a distinguishable object shown within the opening, but which, by particular request, was afterward brought more into the light, and proved to be a portion of a female bust, with a mangled and bleeding shoulder, and the arm bent. Again the curtain rose, and when a corpse, arrayed in a shroud of almost shining whiteness, lying upon its back, and seemingly borne upon a litter, was passed several times before the opening. It was to the eye of the beholder

THE CURSE OF A YOUNG LADY

of small figure. The features could not be seen with sufficient distinctness to be described. This display seemed to terminate the "pantomime tragedy enacted for the benefit of the reporter, and left him as much mystified as ever. Several faces were subsequently shown, at one time two together. There were also four hands shown at once, three full sized, with fingers moving, coming up from below, and the fourth, that of a child, coming up from above. Finally a fifth hand, with the middle finger lacking, was shown, and the performance was ended.

When the door was opened to let the medium out from the cabinet, the reporter stood ready, with lamp in hand, to enter. He noticed that Mrs. Andrews was dressed in a very plain, tight-fitting waist, and a skirt without hoops, hanging rather closely to her person. He could, of course, make no more searching examination of her. Within the cabinet nothing could be discovered but the chair in which the medium had sat, and the tin speaking trumpet. The fastenings to the windows were perfect and secure.

NO TRAP DOORS

could be discovered anywhere. The paper pasted over the cracks in the board partition was torn off in search of concealed wires, but none could be found. It thus became manifest that if deception was practiced, the medium performed without the aid of accomplices. At this the reporter was disappointed, how could she conceal about her person all the masks, arms, hands, and other paraphernalia essential to the varied performance that had just been witnessed?

The reporter was reluctantly compelled to confess himself baffled, and came away unsatisfied.

A Name Forgotten, and a Letter Misaid.

The Quaker Brother who sent us fifteen dollars, will take notice that his letter, by accident, was mislaid before being entered upon our books and his name and post-office address is not known; the money was actually divided—five dollars was placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund—five was sent to Mrs. Lou Kimball, editor *Ipswich Banner*, and five to Col. D. M. Fox, editor of *Present Age*.

Will the brother advise us of his address.

NOTICE.—Any one who has sent any sum of money which properly should be credited to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund, but which does not appear there, will oblige by advising us of that fact.

It may be, in the general confusion, that we have failed to make such credits in some cases. We wish to do so in all cases. Many letters came while we were absent in New York, and mistakes of the kind referred to may have occurred, which we shall be most happy to correct.

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F. L. Thayer, the Medium.

Bro. Thayer, the physical medium, informs us that his old band of spirits had returned, and that he would soon be before the public again.

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